THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

Vol. 60. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. **PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.** $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. **No. 28.**

SLEEPING.

BY W. S. FULTON.

Tread lightly, softly, round his couch,
Speak low, or do not speak at all;
Let every sound within the room
Be soft as is the snowflake's fall.
Do not wake him, he is sleeping—
He will not answer to my call.

See how sweetly he is smiling,
See how calm and fair his face!
Angel hands have touched his forehead,
Smoothing out life's saddest trace.
Do not wake him, do not wake him!
While God's peace is on his face.

Dear, cold hands, that worked so bravely,
Faithful heart, whose pain is past!
You were tried beyond your powers,
Rest has come to you at last.
Do not wake him, he was tired,
Sweet to him is rest at last.

Ah! sweet eyes, can you not see me,
Cold lips know you my caress?
Will you listen if I sing, love—
Sing the song you loved the best?
Silent quiet, still, my darling!
Would that I could share your rest!

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"NOT marry Claud!" gasped the countess. "Have you lost your senses, Barbara?"

"No,—I have merely found them," said the young girl, sadly. "Do not be angry, aunt. If Claud knelt here, asking me for a year and a day, I should still refuse."

"May I ask," said Lady Baynesham haughtily, "why Miss Earle declines an alliance with my son."

"No, aunt," replied Barbara, proudly; "that is one question you may not ask. I decline to answer it."

"Have you seen some one you like better?" interrupted Lady Baynesham. "Yet I need not ask. You are not a weak, vain girl, who thinks little of her plighted word."

Then Lady Baynesham's voice softened, and she threw one arm caressing round her niece.

"Do you fear Claud does not love you?" she asked. "Believe me, Barbara——"

"Aunt," interrupted her niece, "do not seek to know my motives; our engagement was a great mistake. Let us be thankful for having discovered it in time. Believe me, dear aunt," she continued, earnestly, "if I married your son now, we should be wretched for life."

"But, Barbara," cried Lady Baynesham, "why did you not discover this before?"

"I am perhaps to blame for that," she replied gently, a sharp quiver of pain passing quickly over her face. "I have found it out now."

"What will the world say?" cried the countess. "Every arrangement made, even to the ordering of your jewels!"

"They may even yet be worn," said Barbara, with a smile.

"Barbara," said Lady Baynesham, "are you jealous?"

"No," was the reply. "Try to believe me, dear aunt. I am thoroughly in earnest. Our engagement was a terrible mistake. I have found it out, and refuse to fulfil it. Your son is free. I have told him so, and nothing can change or alter my decision; it is made for life. My greatest grief is the sorrow I know it will cause you."

For once Lady Baynesham had nothing to say; she was too angry for speech, too bewildered for remonstrance, too much annoyed to care for further conversation.

"You can leave me now, Barbara," said the countess, haughtily. "I can have no respect for anyone who deliberately breaks a promise and draws down ridicule upon those who love her best. Have you considered in what a cruel position your conduct places Claud?"

"He will be strong enough to bear it," replied Barbara, dryly. "I have not remarked any change in his looks or his spirits; have you, aunt."

Considering that Lady Baynesham had said that morning, in Barbara's presence, that her son had never looked better, she could make no reply.

"Let us be friends, aunt," said Barbara, gently, and there was a wistful tone in her voice. "Let us be friends, dear aunt. I have no one in the world but you."

Lady Baynesham was, however, too angry for any reply.

"I can but hope and pray, Miss Earle, that you may soon return to your senses," she said. "Will you be kind enough to leave me now, the dressing bell has rung. I presume you did not hear it."

That was all the consolation that Barbara Earle received in the greatest trouble of her life.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT EVENING fate was kind to Hilda Hutton. The agent from Brynmar came over purposely to consult with Lady Hutton as to some alterations being made at the Hall.

So it happened that when Lord Baynesham called in Park Gardens, he was told that Lady Hutton was engaged, but that Miss Hutton was in the drawing-room.

"I will see her," he said, trying to look as though she were a substitute for Lady Hutton, and signally failing in the attempt.

When the drawing-room doors were opened, there was no one to be seen; but Claud's quick eye discerned the floating of a white dress in the dim light of the conservatory, and instinct told him to seek his love there.

He walked so quietly, that she did not hear him; and he stood for a moment, lost, as an artist might have been, in delighted admiration at so fair a picture. The golden head and fair young face shone brightly in the dim, mellow light. There was a dreamy smile on the sweet lips, as though pleasant dreams were with her. She was bending over some choice white lilies and they were not so fair and pure as she, thought Claud. She did not look surprised when he uttered her name, and the smile deepened as though the pleasant dream had come true.

"Mamma is engaged," she said in reply to Lord Baynesham's few words. "The agent is here from Brynmar. See, Lord Baynesham, he brought me these lilies himself all the way."

"It was very kind of him," said Claud; "I am not sorry Lady Hutton is engaged, for I came purposely to see you."

In some vague indistinct way Hilda knew what was coming. Her simple, loving heart fluttered and beat so quickly that she could hardly breathe. She did not even follow every word he said; but, when he ceased speaking, it was as though some exquisite strain of music ceased. Yet she would have deferred, if she could, the speaking of those words that were to open a new life to her. She longed to hear them, yet felt frightened at them.

"Hilda," whispered the low voice at her side, "do forget those lilies for a few minutes, and look at me. Can you guess what I have to say?"

The shy, sweet eyes did not meet his own; the little hands still trembled amidst the white blossoms.

"I am jealous of those flowers," said Claud, impatiently, as she removed them. "I want all your attention for once, and for a few minutes. Hilda, do you remember that May morning in Brynmar woods?"

"I remember it well," replied a faint, half frightened voice.

"Do you know," said Claud, eagerly, "I loved you then? It was the fairest, sweetest picture my eyes ever fell upon, as you stood in the woods, with the blue bells in your hand. I could hardly tear myself away. I longed there and then to kneel at your feet, and offer you, as I do now, my life and my love. I have never thought of anything or anyone since I saw you. Until I found you again, my life was one long dream of misery, Hilda. There never was a love so strong, so deep, so true as mine. Is there any hope for me?"

There were a few minutes of unbroken silence, then a gentle, half sad voice replied:

"How could you care for me when you were pledged to marry Miss Earle?"

He told her the true story, how from childhood they had been trained to understand that at some future they were to be married;—how he always liked Barbara in a calm, brotherly way, and when his mother suggested the time for the marriage had arrived, he had "no objection."

"I had not seen you then, Hilda," he continued. "When I did so, my heart awoke suddenly. I was like a man who had been buried in a deep sleep. I woke to find myself passionately loving you, yet pledged to marry Barbara Earle. I was half mad for some time, but I had no idea of freeing myself. I thought I must bear my fate and trample you out of my heart. But, Hilda, Barbara has dismissed me; she says that our engagement was a foolish mistake, for which I shall not suffer. She refuses even to mention it again; and I am free—free to lay my heart at the feet of the only one I ever can love. Have you no word for me, Hilda?"

"Is she—is Barbara unhappy?" she asked gently.

"Do not let that shadow stand between us," cried Lord Baynesham. "Hilda, if I were to pray as man has never prayed before, Miss Earle would not deign to listen to me. If she were here, she would plead for me. Oh Hilda, can it be that I am mistaken?—that you do not care for me?"

She turned her face to him, and he read his answer there.

While the fair flowers bloomed around them, sending a thousand sweet and fragrant messages, he told her that same sweet old story that the world has heard so long, and never wearied of:—the same story of love, and youth, and hope, of love that was to be eternal, all enduring, stronger than death. The words rang to the same familiar, ever-beautiful chime. Their music was new to the young girl who listened, and thought she must be in Fairyland.

"I do not think, Hilda," he said—his voice trembled with eagerness—"that I could bear my life without you. I could endure all things with you by my side; without you, life would be one long dreary blank."

The time came when Lord Baynesham remembered those words as a death-knell. One such hour comes in every life, perfect in its love and happiness, without cloud, shade, or fear; it came to them; and when the mellow light of the conservatory grew dim, and the fragrant blossoms shone but faintly in the evening gloaming, Hilda had promised to be Lord Baynesham's wife.

"Your life shall be just as bright as the life of one of these flowers," said Claud; "no shadow, no storm shall come near you. I shall have but one care, and that will be your happiness; and in return for all my devotion, will you give me a little love, Hilda?"

"A little," she said, wondering if he knew how much that meant.

"You will be happy at Baynesham," he continued. "My mother is sure to love you very dearly, Hilda,—she loves me so much. I have won my treasure now, and I am impatient to call it mine. When shall I see Lady Hutton? Before the spring blossoms come again, promise to be my wife, darling."

But that Hilda would not do. In her gentle child-like heart there was a gracious sweet dignity—all her own. He had won enough; she would promise no more. He loved her but the more for the pretty coy words that fell so softly from her lips.

"I shall come to see Lady Hutton to-morrow," he said, half-inquiringly.

"Not to-morrow," she replied. "Mamma will be busy with the agent. Let me have that one day to realize my happiness and to dream."

"It shall be so," replied Claud.

In after years Hilda wondered what her fate would have been if he had seen Lady Hutton as he wished.

"Now, before I go," said Lord Baynesham, "grant me one favor. You gave me a blue bell that May morning; give me now one of those white lilies. I shall know then in the morning that my happiness is real, not a dream."

She gave him what he asked, and the time came when those two withered flowers were more precious to the young earl than all the world besides.

As he was leaving the house he heard a bell ring violently, and half wondered who it could be ringing in such hot haste.

* * * * *

"Tell Lord Baynesham, as soon as he returns, that I wish to see him particularly. I shall be in my own room,"

So said Lady Baynesham, in her coldest voice, intended for Barbara's benefit. She had not vouchsafed one word to the young girl herself, choosing to consider her in a state of rebellion.

Claud's face did not express any rapturous delight when the obedient domestic delivered her ladyship's message. He loved his mother dearly; he had the deepest respect and admiration for her beauty and talents, her grace and dignity,—she was his complete ideal of a British peeress; but, if the truth must be told, the young earl held his mother in wholesome awe. He feared nothing upon earth; no danger ever awed him, no fear ever daunted him; but he could not face his lady mother when he had offended or displeased her.

"One more battle," he murmured to himself, "then all will be plain sailing."

But Lady Baynesham's greeting astounded him.

"My dear boy," she cried, "my poor Claud,—what does all this mean?"

"All what, mother?" he asked, briefly.

"Barbara's strange conduct," she replied. "She tells me she has given you your freedom. I asked no questions from her,—I felt too angry. Tell me, have you accepted it?"

"I have—and gladly, too. I am of Barbara's opinion,—our engagement was a terrible mistake. She is a noble girl, and I love her as though she were my own sister; but I can never care more for her than I do now."

Lady Baynesham's face grew white with anger.

"It seems that I am utterly ignored in the matter," she said, bitterly.

"Not ignored, mother," replied Claud, gaily; "but you see, as the matter rested with Barbara and myself, we settled our own affairs."

"I never admire flippancy," was the haughty reply; "it is not in good taste from you to me, Claud."

"I beg your pardon, mother," he replied, earnestly. "I only meant to say that it was a matter that concerns ourselves alone."

"Tell me one thing," cried Lady Baynesham, "has Barbara dismissed you? or have you ceased to love her?"

"Barbara dismissed me," he replied, with a strange smile.

"Then she is a false, faithless girl, and must be brought to reason," said the countess, indignantly.

"Hush, mother!" cried the young earl. "She is the noblest and truest of women. She dismissed me because she saw that I had learned to love someone else truly and dearly. She would not stand between me and happiness. I should never have named my love; I should have married Barbara and endured my life as I could. But she saw it, and set me free."

"It is just as I expected," was her ladyship's indignant comment,—"a set of ridiculous, sentimental ideas. So you, my lord, have broken your faith, if not your word, with the 'noblest of women.' You fly in the very face of society; you set the world and all its laws at defiance,—and for what?—for the love of some fair foolish face, or, perhaps worse, I cannot tell."

"I have done all you say for love of the sweetest, purest girl you ever saw."

"Favor me with the name of your new love," said the countess, contemptuously. "I

have no wish to hear any absurd rhapsodies."

"The girl I love, and have asked to be my wife, is Hilda Hutton, Lady Hutton's ward," he replied. "I beg you, mother, to say what you will of me, but spare her. I love her and she will be my wife."

"Never with my consent," exclaimed the countess. "I forbid any such folly. I insist upon your returning to your allegiance—to Barbara, and forgetting this fair, fool ish——"

"Hush," said Lord Baynebam, his face growing dark and stern—"not one word against her There are limits to a man's patience, mother."

"And to his courtesy, it seems," retorted the lady. "I refuse to hear one word more. If I could believe you serious, Claud, my sorrow would be so great it would nearly kill me. When you have thought better of it, come to me again."

With a haughty gesture the countess thus dismissed her son.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Countess of Baynebam was always considered one of the proudest women in England. Her pride had hitherto known no fall. This broken engagement of her son's, his anticipated alliance with one whose claim to high or noble lineage she was wholly ignorant of, humbled her. Pride was, no doubt, the master passion of her life; but there was another almost as great—that was love for her only son. He was perhaps the only human being that she ever loved with thorough self sacrificing devotion. True, she was fond of Barbara; but had Barbara been penniless, instead of a wealthy heiress, the countess would never have planned that marriage for her son.

It was early on the morning following that the young earl sought his mother. After a night of sleepless and anxious deliberation he resolved upon making an appeal to her affection; that, he thought, she could never withstand; and he was right in his conjecture. He appealed to his mother's love, and won from her a most reluctant consent to his marriage with Lady Hutton's ward.

"How nobly Barbara has behaved!" she said with a deep sigh; "she would have made a fitting mistress of Baynebam; and I misjudged her so cruelly—I thought she had played you false, Claud."

"No one living is, or can be, more true than Barbara," said Lord Baynebam; "but there is a fate in love mother. What sent me that bright May morning into Brynmar woods?"

Then in his own simple and truthful way, Claud told Lady Baynebam the whole story of his love; his first meeting with Hilda, his struggle to forget her, and his intense happiness at finding himself free to woo her; and Lady Baynebam was touched in spite of herself.

"She is very fair and beautiful," she said; "but, Claud, there is one thing—I give my consent with certain conditions. Remember, Hilda is not Lady Hutton's daughter, she is only her ward. I am saying nothing against her; I suppose her to be a distant relative of Lady Hutton's, adopted by her because she is childless; but I must insist upon every particular of her birth and parentage being laid before us. It is nothing but right; the Baynebams, of Baynebam, never married beneath them."

"Of course; you are right, mother," said the young earl. "Lady Hutton will give us every information, I know. I have heard that Hilda was the daughter of her dearest friend; but I shall see her this morning, and shall ascertain all the particulars for you."

"I suppose she will inherit all Lady Hutton's fortune," said the countess.

"I have never thought about it," replied her son, indifferently; "she is peerless herself; but I have no doubt she will."

"It will not be so bad, after all," said her ladyship complacently, "if her pedigree is all right."

Lord Baynebam laughed; and elated with the concession he had won from his proud mother, went to seek Lady Hutton.

There seemed to be a strange calm in the house when he reached it The windows were all closed, and the servant who opened the door looked unusually grave and serious.

"Can I see Lady Hutton?" asked Claud. "Is she engaged?"

"Her ladyship is seriously ill, my lord," was the man's reply; "she was seized with a fit last evening, and has not been conscious since."

"Is Miss Hutton with her?" he inquired, inexpressibly shocked at the news.

"Miss Hutton has never left my lady since she was taken ill," the man replied.

"I hope to hear better news this evening," said Lord Baynebam as he turned away.

He felt like one in a dream; the sun was shining brightly, the streets were crowded with gaily dressed people; life, gaiety, and happiness seemed to thrill through the summer air; yet over the house he had left hung the dark cloud of illness, and perhaps approaching death. He went to his club, and there wrote his first love letter, telling Hilda her sorrow was his, and asking to share it with her

"Let me see you this evening," he said, "just to give you some little consolation.

When the letter was gone, Lord Baynebam felt more at ease.

To do his mother justice, she was startled and shocked to hear of Lady Hutton's illness.

"It would be most awkward if anything happened just now," she said. "I trust, at least, that she will recover consciousness."

The day passed slowly, Claud longing for the evening, when he could see Hilda, and share her sorrow.

* * * * *

A dark cloud hung over Lady Hutton's magnificent house. The servants moved noiselessly and spoke in hushed voices. Grave physicians met and consulted how best to do battle with the grim king of terrors.

In a luxurious chamber lay the lady so suddenly and awfully stricken. The summer sun tried to pierce the rich green hangings, and succeeded partly in throwing a mellow, half-golden light over the room. The velvet curtains, with their deep fringe, were thrown aside; there, pale, serene, and calm, no longer conscious of earthly things, lay Lady Hutton. Her pale lips were parted, and a faint, feeble breath passed them She lay there, and life was ended for her, its hopes and sorrows all over. It mattered but little now that she loved and lost, that she had been rich, courted and flattered, that men had bent before her and paid homage to her rank and wealth; all that was over. Before the sun set she would be where virtue and goodness, not money and position, take the first place and wear the golden crown. Only one thing mattered now, and that was, if the life ebbing so rapidly away had been well spent.

All night long grave and learned men had stood by that quiet bedside, fighting, hand to hand, with all conquering Death. They were foiled at last; art, science and wisdom had done their utmost; and all they could do had not even caused the closed eyes to open, or given strength to the white lips for one word.

All night had the child she loved knelt by Lady Hutton's side, covering her head and face with warm tears, calling her every endearing name, weeping and calling all in vain. Lady Hutton was never more to hear the sound of the voice she loved best.

"Must she die?" cried the poor girl in the extremity of her terror; "can nothing be done to save her?"

Those she asked turned from her with a sorrowing face; they knew, when Lady Hutton was gone, the young girl would be alone in the world.

Through the long hours of that sunny day, while the gay sun shone and the distant roll of carriages told of life and gaiety, Hilda knelt by that sick bed; she was half-crazed with the sudden sorrow. Last evening hope and love charmed her; only last evening a golden light that came straight, it seemed, from Heaven, had fallen over her, At the very moment her lover left her, she heard a bell ring, then a startled cry, a rush of servants, and following them she saw Lady Hutton lying white and still upon the ground.

Doctors were summoned in haste; every resource of science had been tried; but all in vain.

Since she had been carried into her room, Lady Hutton had been lost to all earthly things.

It was the long watch by that still, silent figure that changed Hilda from a child to a woman.

"You had better rest," said one of the doctors, moved by her face, so full of deep anguish.

"I cannot leave her," said Hilda, gently.

"Do you know," continued the doctor, "if Lady Hutton has any friends who ought to be summoned?"

"I have never heard of any," she replied. "Lady Hutton always spoke of herself as being without relatives."

"Has she any world'y affairs that require settling?" asked Doctor Wells again.

"I do not know," said poor Hilda. "The agent from Brynmar is still here, and the lawyer, who manage all mamma's affairs. They would not leave the house while she was so ill."

When Doctor Wells repeated his question to Mr. Abelson, the lawyer, that gentleman told him that Lady Hutton's will had been made sixteen years ago, and he believed all her affairs were in perfect order; so there was nothing left for the lady, who lay so still and white, to do. The doctors agreed that, in all probability, she would recover consciousness just before death, and while the sun poured the full force of the golden beams through half-drawn curtains into the cheering room, they watched for that minute; but hour after hour passed and it did not come. The face could grow no whiter, but the faint, low breath became more feeble.

When evening came, and Lord Baynebam called again, he was told that Lady Hutton was dying, and he never remembered how he reached home.

"Mother," he said to Lady Baynebam, "you must come with me. Lady Hutton is dying Hilda has no one near her, and I must go to comfort her. Do not refuse. I ask you as I would ask you for my life."

She did not refuse; there was something in her son's face that compelled her to obey. She went with him at once, and said not a word save to comfort him in his sorrow.

* * * * *

The moment had come; the evening sun had set in all its glory; the beautiful gloaming, half gray, had begun, when Hilda, bending over the white face, saw a faint quivering of the closed eyelids and the sealed lips. Then the dark eyes opened a with wistful, wondering look, that pierced the child's heart.

"Hilda," whispered Lady Hutton, "what is it my darling? Am I going to die?"

"Mamma," cried the trembling girl, "let me go with you"

"I must tell you," said Lady Hutton, "something—let me have more air, I cannot breathe. I want to tell you, darling, about your own mother. Perhaps I did wrong—but I loved you so dearly—you are like my own Maud. Can no one give me air?"

Hilda tried to raise the dying lady, whose words came in short, quick gasps.

"I want to tell you, darling," she said—then a sudden glaze fell over the wistful eyes, an awful pallor settled on the face, and the half-raised head fell heavily on Hilda's arm.

Lady Hutton had gone "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Carry that poor child away," said Dr. Wells to one of the attendants.

Hardly more conscious than the one who lay at rest, Hilda was carried into the nearest room, which happened to be the library, and laid upon the couch.

At that moment there was a slight stir in the hall; Lord and Lady Baynebam had arrived. The intelligence of the sudden death bewildered them.

"Where is Miss Hutton?" asked the earl. "Lady Baynebam has come to take charge of her; let us see her at once."

The man who had opened the door never dreamed of offering any resistance.

"Miss Hutton has been taken to the library, my lord," he said.

When they entered the darkened room. Hilda raised herself from the couch.

"Let me go back to her," she was saying to Dr. Wells. "I cannot believe it. It is impossible she can be dead"

Then the tired, frightened eyes fell upon the face of Lord Baynebam. She moved towards him with a wistful cry. He clasped her in his arms, and laid her head upon his breast

"Hilda, my darling," he whispered, "my wife that is to be, I am come to share your sorrow—it is mine also."

Lady Baynebam looked on, her eyes full of tears. The delicate, lonely child, so lovely in the abondonment of her grief, touched that world worn heart. She silently withdrew with the doctor, and left together those whose love death had sanctified.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY BAYNEBAM forgot all her own cherished notions of etiquette, and warmly pressed the lonely young girl to return with her to Grosvenor Square, but nothing would induce her to leave the house. She was too young, too inexperienced to know that time would soften her grief.

Mr. Abelson, assisted by Lord Baynebam, undertook all arrangements for the funeral. Lady Hutton was laid to rest near the bonnie woods of Brynmar, where the greater part of her life had been spent.

Lord Baynebam was chief mourner, and two distant cousins of Lady Hutton's, looking out for a legacy, were there also

"You will please attend in the library for the reading of the will, Miss Hutton," said the family lawyer, after their return to London.

Hilda bowed assent. She was very silent in these the first days of her bereavement, and she seemed half-shy, half frightened, when with Lady Baynebam. The poor wounded child found her greatest comfort with Barbara Earle,—noble, unselfish Barbara, who forgot when she caressed the fair head and parted the golden hair from the sad sweet face that she was in the presence of her rival, the one who had stolen from her her love. She saw a grieving, sorrowful, lonely girl who had won Claud's heart, and Hilda clung to her as she would have done to a sister of her own.

Miss Earle spent the time that intervened between Lady Hutton's death and funeral with Hilda. She did not leave her night or day; and Claud, who after that one interview did not like to ask for another, found his only comfort in hearing from Barbara the loving little messages sent by his fair-haired wife that was to be.

The will was but a short one. The two cousins were not forgotten; a handsome legacy repaid them for all their affectionate solicitude over the poor lady's health. Every old servant was remembered, and the beautiful estate of Brynmar, the house in London, money in the banks, carriages, jewels, and plate, were all bequeathed by Lady Hutton to her adopted daughter, Hilda, who thereby became one of the richest heiresses in England. It was all her own, to do what she would with, without any stipulations or conditions; but Lady Hutton hoped she would never part with Brynmar. There was no mention of her adoption or of her parentage, not a word that gave any clue to it whatever.

"I must congratulate you, Miss Hutton," said the lawyer, when the will was read.

"I wish, though," interrupted Hilda, with tears in her eyes, "that there had been one word of my mother."

Two guardians were appointed to take charge of the young heiress. They were Mr. Abelson and Dr. Greyling, who had been Lady Hutton's confidential friends for many years.

Until she was twenty one a certain income was to be allowed her, and Brynmar was to be her home, unless she was married before then, in which case she would immediately come into full possession of her property.

For several days the lonely young heiress remained in the large solitary house, seeing no one but Barbara Earle, and occasionally Lady Baynebam. She would not see Claud yet, she knew his presence would bring with it such a rush of happiness, it seemed almost sacrilege to think of it.

She resolved to return to Brynmar. By Mr. Abelson's advice and assistance an elderly lady was found, who, in consideration of a handsome yearly income, consented to live as duenna and chaperone with Miss Hutton; the two guardians having decided that she was far too young and too pretty to live alone.

"I fancy our responsibility will soon end," said Dr. Greyling, with a quiet smile. "Lord Baynebam will be happy, I think, to relieve us of it."

It was nearly the end of June when Hilda and Mrs. Braye returned to Brynmar, Barbara Earle having given her promise to meet Hilda when the London season was quite over.

When she returned to her early home, Hilda resolved to search amongst Lady Hutton's letters and papers, to see if it were possible to find any clue to her adoption and parentage.

In the grand library at Brynmar stood a large oaken bureau, where the poor lady had been wont to keep all letters and papers There Hilda searched; there she found letters worn with age, love letters, written by the gay and dashing Lord Hutton to the quiet, dignified Miss Erskine; but neither there nor anywhere else could she find any mention of herself. She questioned the older servants who had lived long with Lady Hutton, but they could tell her nothing. One of them spoke of a beautiful woman who had brought Hilda to Brynmar—a nurse, they supposed. The story of Magdalen Hurst was a sealed book to them. In despair Hilda gave up all hope of ever knowing anything of a secret well kept; so she tried to forget it. Neither the doctor nor the lawyer could enlighten her for Lady Hutton had not taken them into her confidence.

"Make yourself quite happy," wrote Mr. Abelson; "Lady Hutton was a just woman. Most probably you are a distant relative of her own. Few people will ever remember you were not her child, especially as she treated you as such. Respect the secret of the dead as she respected it living."

After that Hilda was content to leave the mystery a secret still, and as weeks passed on she recovered from the great and sudden shock; but while she lived, Hilda never ceased to mourn the kind and stately lady who had loved her so well.

In the quiet and silence of Brynmar her health and spirits returned. Something of the old beautiful bloom was on her face when, six weeks afterwards, Barbara Earle came, saying, that in spite of all remonstrance Claud would come too,—not to remain, but only for a few hours, just to see how his newly won treasure looked.

Hilda went with him to the shady green glade in the woods where he first saw her; and there, with tears shining in her eyes, she told him Lady Hutton's dying words, and how impossible she had found it to discover who her parents were.

He loved her too deeply to care; and he kissed the tears from her face, and told her never to think of it again. She was Hilda Hutton to all the world, and would soon be Hilda Lady Baynebam. He made her promise that when the spring blossoms came she would be his wife.

As the time drew near, Lady Baynebam made some faint remonstrance, but it was soon withdrawn, because she saw the whole happiness of her son's life was involved. Unless he married Hilda he would never marry at all. Outwardly she was amiably indifferent but in her heart there was something resembling dislike for the beautiful young girl who had unconsciously thwarted the one plan and wish of her life and heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mendicancy is forbidden in Paris and the neighboring villages. But under various pretences it seems to be more prevalent than it has been known for a long time. Some of the persons who beg in Paris have known better days, and are dainty in their language. A gentleman said to an outstretched palm: "I have not a sou about me." "Sir," exclaimed the worthy mendicant with a sneer, "I have not specified the species of coin."

ON THE SHORE.

BY C. B.

The sky was blue, the laughing wind
Caressed me with its kisses sweet;
The crested waves came rolling in,
And sang an anthem at my feet—

A low, sweet song, whose rippling tones
Fell in soft cadence on the shore.
I listened, and the sound grew clear;
The waters sang, "For evermore!"

"O waves!" I cried, "what means your song?"
Why do ye sing it o'er and o'er?
Our days are brief, all things must change,
What may we keep 'For evermore?'"

Methought the waves an answer gave,
A low, sweet murmur on the shore;
God's tender love will be the same,
"For evermore! for evermore!"

The sky was blue, the laughing wind
Caressed me with its kisses sweet;
My very heart caught up the song
The waves were singing at my feet.

"God's tender love will be the same,"
I sang its sweetness o'er and o'er,
And still the waves sang their refrain,
"For evermore! for evermore!"

Better than We Seem.

BY E. C. LOVER.

MR. ALEXANDER FLINT was one of that numerous class of individuals, who are called "excellent, clever men enough," with the qualifying phrase, "not very well calculated to get along in the world."

Mr. Alexander Flint was a portrait painter. He was settled in a small country place, where he received just sufficient patronage to enable his family to "live from hand to mouth," as the saying is, without ever arriving at the happy condition of decided, satisfactory comfort.

Mr. Flint was too sensitive. He cared too much for the opinion of others, and had not sufficient respect for his own manhood. On one occasion, when his neighbor, Judge Rufley, looked coldly at a picture on which he prided himself, and said no word in commendation, the poor artist was miserable for a week afterwards.

Mrs. Flint was too much like her husband. Such men should have strong-minded, energetic wives; Alexander's was feeble, timid, sensitive as himself. The children, too, were exact patterns of their parents. No family was ever less deserving of their name. The big Flints and the little Flints, all were like the real flints, as the turtle dove is like the soaring eagle.

I mentioned Mr. Rufley. Our artist was afraid of him, too; so were the children.

The Flint thought the Rufleys did not respect them. I don't know how this might be; I can only say that the feeling is very natural with people who don't respect themselves. But a much severer charge against the Rufleys was that they were unkind, sour, morose. This impression was given by Mr. Rufley alone; his family were judged by him. Moreover, Judge Rufley was careless in his dress, and he usually wore his beard a week, which gave him a savage aspect.

He was the antipodes of Hawley the lawyer. The latter was a great favorite with the Flints, to whom he was very polite and obliging, bestowing presents and candy upon the children, and abundance of flattery upon the parent Flints. The lawyer's face was as radiant as the judge's was rough. The Flints named the former Sunshine, and the latter Cloud. These two men did not very much like each other. It was the lawyer's portrait which the judge had failed to commend and thereby wounded the artist's feelings; for it was in reality one of his best efforts, and he knew no reason why Mr. Rufley should not praise it.

The judge had not the least vanity in the world; and it was only to do the artist a favor in an unostentatious way, that he at length resolved to gratify his family with his picture.

He accordingly called on Alexander—Alexander changed color.

"I want you to paint me," said the judge, abruptly.

"Your portrait?" faltered the artist.

"To be sure. You don't suppose I want you to give my skin a daubing, do you?" growled the judge.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Alexander, feebly. "O, not your portrait, to be sure. I feel highly honored——"

"That isn't the thing! I don't come to do you an honor. I mean to pay you for my portrait. Will you paint it?"

"I shall be most happy—I am indeed very much obliged for this favor——"

"What favor!" muttered the judge, impatiently. "Will you paint me? Yes or no—and when?"

It is impossible to describe the artist's confusion. He thought he ought to say something, but he hesitated to speak for fear of giving offence. He hardly had the courage to look in the judge's face. He stammered something about humble thanks for the honor, and a readiness to commence the painting at any time, which only made matters worse. The judge exclaimed impatiently, that he would call again the next day; and went off with quite as erroneous an opinion of the artist as the artist had of him, for in reality he was a very good-natured man.

Punctual to his appointment, Judge Rufley made his appearance at the artist's studio on the following morning. The fearful hour had come, and Mr Flint, nervous and embarrassed, received his unwelcome patron. The first sitting amounted to nothing at all. The artist was not able to compose his nerves; and the judge went away, almost angry with himself for having once thought of submitting to such an annoyance as sitting for his picture to so stupid a fellow as Alexander Flint.

With the next visit, however, both judge and artist were better pleased, it being a remarkably brief one; Mr Flint having assured his customer that he could fill up certain outlines quite as well from memory as from the eye. The fact is, he could do so a great deal better. He could not paint, with the judge looking at him, in his cold, scrutinising manner.

All the sittings which followed were of a similar nature. Flint did an immense amount of "filling up" from memory. How different from the elaborate finishing by the eye, which he bestowed upon Hawley's portrait! How different the brief communications which passed between him and the judge, from those agreeable and refreshing exchanges of politeness, which used to make so large a part of his conversation with the lawyer!

At length the portrait was completed. Ah, Alexander, never didst thou so essentially miss thy mark! Never didst thou throw such discredit upon thy pencil! The picture was no more like the original than the sun is like the moon.

"Fudge!" said the judge, "that is not me! I never looked so in my life. That bland smile is Hawley's, I'll take my oath. Bah! what have you been thinking of, Mr. Flint?"

Poor Alexander knew not what to say. It was in vain that he appealed to the judgment of others. Those who knew Judge Rufley, knew too much to think to please him by discovering his likeness in the picture. On the contrary, they abused Flint's talent without mercy.

A series of misfortunes followed the artist's indiscretion in the matter of the portrait. He lost much patronage, and there was sickness in his family; but the crowning catastrophe was yet to come. One day Mr Flint was returning from a neighbor's house, where he had been painting an old lady who was unable to go out; and he was just passing Judge Rufley's residence—the sight of which revived a host of unpleasant associations—when, hearing a cry of fire, he looked—and saw flames bursting through his own roof.

Alexander was almost stupefied with the suddenness of the calamity. In the greatest extremity of fright he began to cry fire at the top of his voice, and to run to the utmost of his might. He did not go so fast, however, as to prevent another person passing him. Who should that be, but the portly and blunt Judge Rufley! Who would have thought he would run to help save the portrait painter's house! It is impossible to say what most astonished the artist—the fire or Judge Rufley.

Flint was by no means fleet of foot. Before he arrived at the scene of the catastrophe, the judge had saved from burning one of his sick children, that must have perished had not some person risked his life to save it. As for Mrs Flint, she was too much terrified to do anything. The judge had dashed through fire and smoke, and brought away the child unharmed.

By this time, a number of the neighbors had assembled, and every effort was made to save the house. But the village knew no engines or fire annihilators in those days; and before ladders and buckets could be brought into operation, the flames had the mastery. They soared through the roof, and burst out on every side.

"Save the furniture!" cried Judge Rufley.

And no man worked harder than he to save it. He was worth fifty like Alexander Flint. Everything he did was done with design, rapidity and precision. It was chiefly owing to his efforts that the greater portion of the furniture was got out of the burning house.

Then Alexander and his family stood in the street watching the progress of the devouring element, and weeping over their misfortune.

"Don't stand here!" cried the judge. "It will not do for sick children. Take your family right to my house, Mr. Flint. I will see to your affairs here."

Alexander looked at him in astonishment. There was no such thing as misunderstanding Judge Rufley, however; nor could the poor man neglect this unexpected proffer of hospitality.

Before night, the judge had stored the houseless furniture, as well as given the houseless family the shelter of his roof. Moreover, he had given the Flints an insight into his true character. The judge contracted his own family into close quarters, to make room for that of his neighbor. He also took care that they should be surrounded by comforts as long as they remained in his house. The next thing he did was to head a subscription list, the design of which was to rebuild the portrait painter's cottage, on which there was no insurance.

Well, in the course of time, the Flints moved into the new cottage. They somehow commenced life anew. They had new ideas of kindness, and new notions of human nature; new resolutions and new energies, to help them through the world. All was owing to Judge Rufley.

The first thing that Alexander did, as an act of justice both to the judge and himself, was to paint another portrait of that excellent man. He did not dread his task. It was a labor of love, and proved his happiest effort in the way of his profession. Everybody came to see Judge Rufley's portrait; for he was a great man in the country. And it may be said of Mr. Flint, that "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." He never wanted work after that; and he was never afraid of another man, merely because he had a rough exterior.

THE "BLUE LAWS."—The following are the famous Connecticut blue laws of former years:

If any person turn Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return but on pain of death. No Catholic priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by anyone without a warrant. No one to cross a river, but with an authorised ferryman. No one shall run on the Sabbath day or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverentially to and from meeting. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day. No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or on fasting days. The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday. To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft. A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath. No one shall buy or sell land without permission of the selectmen. The judges shall determine all controversies without a jury. No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in state. Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to the dominion, and that Jesus is the only King. No Quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of the magistrates or any officer. No food or lodging shall be offered to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic. A disobedient child shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling. Whosoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall be set in the stocks or whipped ten stripes. Man-stealers shall suffer death. Whosoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace, above 1s per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender £300 estate. A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let and sold to make satisfaction. Whosoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5. No one shall read a common prayer book, keep Christmas, or set days, eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instruments of music except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp. No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate only shall join them in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church. When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point. The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them in better hands.

THE RAG-BAG.—Any good judge of rag-bags and of human nature could readily divine the wealth, social standing and habits of people by examining from time to time the contents of their rag bags. The slow but sure rise from poverty to wealth is shown by the contents of the rag bag, the swift but equally sure fall from wealth to poverty is also depicted by the contents of the rag bag. Whoever has examined the rag-bag of the common rag picker and the rag-bag of the millionaire, cannot have failed to note the difference in the two, not only in the quality of the bag itself, but in its contents. Ah, how many stories the rag-bags of the world could tell, if only they possessed the power of speech—stories of sorrowful poverty, of peaceful competence, of pleasurable wealth, of selfish arrogance, and of pleasing benevolence. The rag bag is a silent teacher, a quiet preacher, and he who thinks it a worthless article is not probably one of those who are able to find "good in everything."

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

A brute saturated cotton with alcohol, tied it to a dog's tail, and then set fire to it. The dog started on the run to go under the brute's barn. Then it didn't seem so funny to the brute. He madly howled at the dog, and ran after him, but before he could overtake the animal it got under the barn, but somehow the cotton went out and didn't set the barn on fire. This was poetic justice. Barn was insured for twice its value.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

SPIDERS.—Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having a thousand holes. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the webs of others.

THE SUNFLOWER.—In places abroad this flower has many uses. The leaf well dried is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are often made into blotting paper, and then the inner part of the stalk is manufactured into a fine writing paper. The more woody portions of the plant, which attain great size, are used for fuel, and as an anti malaria agent it is considered most valuable.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS.—By experiment it has been found that the swallow can fly at the rate of 93 miles an hour, and the rapidity of the swift is not less than 250 miles an hour. The common crow can make about 25 miles, the wild duck 90 miles, the eagle 140 miles the hawk, and many other birds, 150 miles per hour. The flight of migratory birds does not probably exceed 50 miles within the hour.

A STRANGE PUNISHMENT.—Formerly among the Sandwich Islanders, punishment for theft and other light crimes was of a most singular kind. The culprit laid his hand upon an angular block of wood. Before him stood a soldier with a heavy hammer, and behind another with a drawn sword. In a moment the hammer descended and smashed the fingers. If he dared to withdraw his hand, the sword flashed in the air and the culprit's head dropped at his feet.

HONESTY INSURANCE.—Honesty surely cannot be appraised and gauged by a premium standard? Veritably, however, such is really the case. There is in London a "Guarantee Society," which engages, on the receipt of defined annual premiums, to make up the whole or certain part of the defalcations of which a defaulting clerk may be guilty; and banks and large commercial houses fully rely on the soundness of such insurances. A very curious instance this of probabilities, based on ascertained arithmetical averages of honesty and depravity.

PRECIOUS STONES.—Jewels have meanings of their own: Diamond, innocence; ruby, forgetfulness of and exemption from vexation caused by friendship and love; emerald, success in love; sapphire, repentance; amethyst, sincerity; garnet, constancy; topaz, fidelity; turquoise, prosperity; opal, hope; bloodstone, courage; agate, health and long life; cornelian, contented mind; sardonyx, conjugal felicity; chrysolite, antidote against madness. Malachite is not a precious stone, but its color (green) signifies hope.

THE LAWYER'S BAG.—Frequenters of law courts will have noticed that while some lawyers or their clerks carry red bags, others carry blue ones. The custom is English, and the latter color is the original one, and abroad carries with it the right of precedence over all members of the outer Bar. In the common law courts, although red bags are permitted, the bringing a blue bag into court is looked upon as a grave breach of professional etiquette; but the custom does not obtain in the Chancery division, where the introduction of blue bags is of common occurrence.

THE DUTCH WAY WITH RATS.—What is called "the Dutch way with rats" is this: A number of rats are left to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever. The craving hunger will cause them to fight, and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it goes on until one strong rat is left. When this one has eaten the last remains of the others, it is let loose. The animal has now acquired such a taste for rat flesh that he is a terror of all ratdom, going about seeking what rats he may devour. In an incredibly short space of time the premises are abandoned by all other rats, which will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.

DISEASES AMONG THE MALAYS.—The Malays firmly believe that if they can remove the evil spirits' greediness they are all right; so, with this object, they construct a miniature war boat, of wood, complete in every way, with mast, rigging, black flag, paddles, and a rudder. The boat is filled with articles, a bag of rice at the stern, and a lamp made out of a cockle-shell at the prow, the body of the boat is stuffed with cups made of leaves, containing liquors of various sorts, entrails of fowls, sweetmeats of all kinds, tobacco, flowers, and copper coins. About eighteen inches below the boat are figures of turtles, crocodiles, and lizards made of rice, resting on a plantain-leaf, the whole being supported by four straight branches about seven feet high stuck into a raft made of plantain trees. Slips of bamboo are stuck round the raft with partially burned red rags tied to them. The raft is set afloat; and it is supposed the evil spirits, enticed away by the food in the boat, leave the patient and attach themselves to the boat. Should any Malay touch this raft after it has been set afloat, he or she becomes afflicted with the disease from which the person for whose benefit the raft was set adrift suffered.

IF I WERE A FAIRY.

BY ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

If I were a fairy slight and small,
Say, about as tall
As a span-worm forming the letter O,
What do you think I would do? I know!
In the bell of the lily I'd rock and swing,
Twitter and sing;
And, taking the gold-dust under me,
I'd splash the nips of the buxsine bee,
That he might have meal to make his bread,
With honey spread,
For his thousand babies all in rows,
Each in a bandbox up to his nose.

Unseen I would come where the tired ants tug
At a heavy sling.
With my rye-beard lance I'd push it along,
And they'd think, "All at once we are wondrous strong!"
In the nest of the robin, under the eaves
Of the apple leaves,
I'd drop a worm in the gaping throats
That answer my chirp of the mother's notes.
When bonny Miss Harebell thirsts in vain
For a drop of rain,
I would fill at the brook my shining cup,
And lay it all dripping in her lap.

Oh, what would I do as a fairy small?
I cannot tell all!
But I would do much with a right good will;
To all things good, and to nothing ill.
And I'd laugh and skip, like a bird on wing,
Twitter and sing,
And make boys and girls, and birds and flowers,
All say, "What a lovely world is ours!"

Well, what if I am not quite so small?
I can do it all
In my own sweet home by the same good will,
No fairy, but something nobler still.

Scarred by Fire.

BY A. H. STODDART.

It would not interest anyone, probably, to be told the details by which, at twenty-five, I became a horror to myself and an object of mingled pity and disgust to all who saw me.

Suffice it, then that I, Sidney More, independently wealthy, tall and strong, was, by the action of fire, disfigured beyond all recognition by anyone who had previously known me.

I was betrothed, and when the woman I loved saw me after an illness of three months, she fell senseless at my feet.

I left her, wrote her a release, and never saw her face again.

She married well, and I had no hard thought when I sent her a set of pearls I had hoped would be my gift to my own bride.

I owned a handsome country-house, isolated by extensive grounds, and to this place I went, and led a hermit's life there.

It was a dreary, lonely life, with only old David and Martha to speak to me, but I was spared the involuntary shrinking of strangers, the pitying glances that were torture to me.

Seven years had passed in a peaceful monotony when I received a letter from my second cousin's widow, enclosing one from dear William Gardiner himself.

He wrote from a deathbed, imploring me to help his wife and afflicted child when he was no more.

The letters moved me deeply. William, many years my senior, had been my boyhood's hero. Many a holiday I owed to him, many a dollar he had slipped into my willing hand, many a frolic he had given me. When he was married and went away I felt very miserable.

We kept up a desultory correspondence for a time, but this letter was the first I had had from William for many years.

To write at once to Mrs. Gardiner, to beg of her to consider my house her home, was my first act.

My next one was to give David and Martha orders to make a suite of rooms comfortable for the arrival of my guests.

I did not go to the station, four miles from my home, to meet my guests, but sent David with the carriage.

But I was upon the steps as he drove up, seeing two black-robed figures in the seat behind him.

Mrs. Gardiner, or Cousin Lizzie, as I soon learned to call her, left the carriage and advanced to meet me quickly, as I stood with unmanly hesitation, nerving myself to be seen.

She raised her heavy veil, showing me a careworn, pleasant face, with no shrinking in the soft brown eyes.

"Cousin Sidney," she said, holding out her hand, "you see I have accepted your loving invitation until——"

"Please set no limits," I said, interrupting her; "the kindness you do me by coming to cheer my loneliness can never be estimated. But your daughter is waiting for you. Will she not come here?"

"Yes; she cannot come unless we help her, cousin. She is blind."

Selfish brute that I was, I felt a thrill of pleasure that the poor child could not see me.

I went at once to the carriage, and spoke to the fair girl sitting there, helpless but patient.

"I am your Cousin Sidney," I said, lifting one of her hands; "will you take my arm to the house?"

"You will have to lead me," she said, smiling, "for I cannot see my way. Is mamma waiting?"

"On the steps," I said, longing to lift the little figure in my strong arms, and carry her safely into her future home; but I contented myself with guiding her steps carefully until she was in the wide, cool sitting-room that had been fitted up for her use.

She was very slender, with a face purely oval, a complexion almost colorless, but clear and without any sickly pallor.

Her features were delicate, her hair a rich warm brown, and only the closed eyes, with their long dark lashes, gave a strange look to the exquisite beauty of her face.

She kept her eyes always closed, and for months I never saw them.

But in those months the purest, deepest happiness of my life came to me, a gradual unfolding of my heart, after years of gloom and wretchedness. For I loved Marian Gardiner, and won her love.

I had a home, not a hermit's cell, after Cousin Lizzie came.

She kept house for me, opening all the long closed rooms, engaging two more servants, giving us appetising, cheerful meals, in a pleasant dining-room, instead of the solitary "bites" I had taken as the mood seized me.

And in the summer days she came with her gentle touch and sweet voice to coax me into the wide garden, long neglected, but being gradually improved under her directions.

We would talk of poor William, both wife and child delighting to hear all my boyish recollections of him.

We made the acquaintance of modern poets and novelists; we knew no dull moments together. And when I asked Lizzie to give me her child, she was anxious only for my sake. But one by one I met all her objections, and overcame them.

Winning her consent, I went to Marian, and very gently told my love tale.

She listened shyly, till, folding her in my arms, I asked for one word to tell me that she shared my love and happiness.

She lifted her eyes to mine and smiled.

My heart stood still, my brain reeled. For the first time those glorious dark eyes were unfolded to me, and the rapture of one short moment previous was changed for an agony of doubt and despair.

I knew from close study of most medical subjects much of the oculist's skill, and that one long look into Marian's eyes told me her blindness was not incurable.

Hitherto I had asked no questions regarding her affliction, and by my request her mother had said nothing of my disfigurement.

She had never been told of my accident, being such a mere child at the time it occurred, and she knew nothing of the terrible face that was so near her.

She loved me, blind; seeing, she would loathe me.

For days my life was a long agony of conflict.

Marian was so entirely happy that I tried to persuade myself that it would be cruelty to take away her love and restore her sight.

I asked Lizzie for the history of her blindness, and learned that it was the result of fever, only four months before.

She had known all the blessings of sight, I knew before, and I knew, too, that the only cloud ever upon her happy face came when she spoke of the days when she could see.

No one knew—no one can ever know—the suffering that I endured before I put my unworthy selfishness aside, and told Lizzie my certainty of restoring Marian's sight, if she would submit to a trifling operation, almost painless.

I tried to feel repaid for my sacrifice by the mother's rapturous joy and Marian's happiness.

I performed the operation myself with a steady hand, and nursed the tender eyes until we dared unbandage them.

Lizzie had told Marian, in those days after the film was cut, but while a bandage was necessary, of my disfigurement, and the child was prepared to see me; and yet her face grew deadly pale, her lips quivered, and her eyes drooped, although she tried hard to conquer those outward tokens of her loathing and horror.

I pressed her little hands to my lips and left her.

Before night I was on my way to another State, and for five years I never saw my home.

I left letters for my cousin and her daughter, imploring them to consider the house their own.

After five years of wandering, I determined to return, if only for a few days, to look at my home.

It was summer-time, and evening, when I quietly walked into my own garden, unannounced. In the summer-house overlooking the river I could see two figures, one in a soft grey dress, one in pure white. I trod gently upon the soft grass, unheard, and saw Marian's face, shadowed as I had never before seen it, resting upon her mother's breast.

"You are better this evening, dear, are you not?" I heard Lizzie say, tenderly.

"Better, dear mother, but I shall never be well. This cruel absence of Sidney's is slowly killing me. Oh, if he knew how I longed for him surely he would come to me."

"He thought it was kindness, not cruelty, to go, dear."

At this moment Lizzie, looking up, saw me. She gave no cry of surprise, but, bending low, she said:

"If he came now, darling, unchanged, could you still love him?"

"He has come!" Marian cried, in sudden rapture, lifting her eyes. "He has come!"

She was in my arms then, sobbing out joy, letting me press kisses on her sweet face without shrinking from me.

And I knew then, as I know now, when I am a proud, happy husband and father, no longer hiding from the world, that my five, weary years of exile were a useless sacrifice, for my Marian loved me faithfully then and ever.

Lily's Decision.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

UNLIKE the four of them were as could well be imagined, and, as they sat in earnest conclave in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor, they represented vastly different styles and characteristics. Mrs. Dalzell, pale, faded, woful, and wearied-looking.

Miriam Dalzell, her eldest daughter, as beautiful as a dream, with her equisite Greek features, and a complexion like unsunned snow.

Then sitting a little apart from either mother or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child, Lily, as unlike her sister as it was possible for her to be.

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty; she was too slight, too *petite*.

The fourth of this quartette was Mrs. Dalzell's brother Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Courtney Dalzell, and who had never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life, until, when Mr. Dalzell had died, he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her children.

Then, knowing her brother was immensely rich and perfectly able to do great things for either of the girls, or both for that matter, Mrs. Dalzell had written, accepting his proffer, with large hopes based on his coming.

And he had come, and had seen to the settlement of his brother-in-law's affairs, and, that the widow and her two daughters were settled in their comfortable, plain little suite of rooms, and, Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day, the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself.

"And now, Hiram, what about the girls?"

"Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerably, and I've come to three conclusions, and any of which I will agree to put into effect.

"Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble. Miriam, you endorse that?"

And Miriam, with magnificant visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her lovely, graceful way.

"Good. Now, first of my suggestions is, that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—saleswoman in one of your first-class establishments."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at Miriam's feet she could have been hardly less startled.

"I go behind a counter and sell—goods! Oh, uncle!"

Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully.

"And why not—you?"

Miriam looked at her mother, who compressed her lips.

Lily bent her bright eyes on his face.

"Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the latter is the best position, and, if you will tell me further about it, and think I could fill it, I will take it. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and, besides, only think how much help my wages will be here at home! I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think, mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing, and her grey eyes deepening almost to black.

"Your the sort, Lily! Now can you be up and off early in the morning!—because, if you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you safe in your new place and introduce you to Mrs. Marion—that's her name."

Of course it was all settled that evening that Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it herself, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else, after Hiram had gone to his hotel, but bemoan Lily's want of pride, and berate Mr. Wingate's disgusting stinginess.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage Hiram had taken for them at the station stopped before an imposing mansion on a wide, aristocratic looking avenue.

Lily looked at the rows of plate glass windows hung with lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers laid in them at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of colored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of awe came over her.

"Oh, uncle, Mrs. Marion does not live here! I'll never be able to suit her—never!"

"You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titus, just show us in the reception room, will you, and tell your mistress we're here"—for a tall, liveried footman opened the door and bowed to Mr. Wingate respectfully.

It was a perfect little bijou of a room into which Lily was ushered—an octagonal room, with windows draped in blue satin and lace alternation, with a blue and white velvet carpet on the floor, and furniture so odd and magnificent that Lily wondered if it was for actual use.

"Oh, uncle, it's just like fairy land, isn't it?"

Her delighted, awe struck whisper amused him, and he was laughing to his heart's content when a stout, comfortable, elderly lady came into the room, with lovely grey puffs of hair, and wearing a beautiful steely pearl silk dress.

"Hiram, my dear, I am so glad you're back again. And this is one of poor Mary's girls, is it?"

"Miriam, my dear, I am glad to be home. Yes, this is Lily Dalzell, our niece. Lily, kiss your auntie, my dear."

And, bewildered, Lily obeyed, while Hiram laughed and explained it all.

"You see I was determined I'd bring one of you home, and Miriam and I arranged the little test before I went. We earned our money by hard work and economy, and we didn't want anybody to enjoy it who was too fine to follow our example. So you see, Lily, my dear; the 'situation' is a pretty fair one, after all, eh? Fifty dollars a month to spend if you choose, and all the fine things you want, and your carriage to ride in. Eh, Lily? You'll consent to be our adopted daughter, and come into all we've got after we die?"

And Miriam Dalzell was nearly insane with jealousy and regret at little Lily's good fortune, while Lily herself is happy as the day is long, and for her sake Mr. Wingate is very good to her mother and sister, who visit her at intervals, but to whom Lily will rarely go, for she is the light of the old eyes whose home she makes so radiant with her presence.

Down in an Arizona town they recently had a ball at which four women were present. There was great rejoicing. The editor of the nearest newspaper said: "We have entered upon a new era." Previously they had never had anything but stag dances. This enthusiasm is a reminder of early days in mines there. Quite a sensation was created on Gold Canyon, at Silver City, when a family boasting of two girls settled there. The first time they stretched their clothes-line on the banks of the canyon, and hung out their washing every man at work in the neighborhood. "Well, well, this is civilization!" was the cry all up and down the canyon. The boys were so modest that in passing to and from their mines they made a circuit of about half a mile in the hills to get round the house of the new family. Said these thoughtful miners: "They have no other place where they can stretch their clothes-line, and it is not right for us to go by there when there's anything on it."

An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop. Drawing from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, he handed it across the counter, and exclaimed, "There, doother, snuff that, will you?" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquid to be genuine whisky. "Thank you, doother," said the Irishman. "Hand me it again, if you please." The doctor again did as directed, and asked Patrick what he meant. "Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doother. So here's your health, and the health of Misses!"

A jailor had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged, in consequence, to kick the other out of doors to comply with the regulations.

A gentleman, advertising for a wife, says—"It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of an accident occurring to her companion."

To make hens lay perpetually, hit them on the head with a big club. Other models have been recommended, but this is the only one we have found to be effectual.

Are you living so that it is a summer to you all the time.

AT REST.

BY F. L.

Here let us linger as the evening closes,
In this green coppice with the setting sun:
The landscape now in mellow'd tints reposes,
Ere yet the bat-wing'd twilight nitteth dun.

The sun-illumined boughs, arch'd high o'erhead,
Distil a cool light from yon glowing sky;
Where his great disc, declining broad and red,
Tinges dull clouds with his ensanguined dye.

Still sounds from distant wood the cuckoo's note,
The half-hush'd birds are twittering in the brake,
In quiet ponds the darkening shadows float,
Reflected foliage stains the brimming lake.

Here we will linger till the air dissolveth
Each uncomposed sound to silence clear,
While the moon rises o'er yon trees, and solveth
In her soft halo all the landscape near.

Nor will we think upon the morning's gladness,
No thoughts of day shall haunt this hallow'd light,
For sweeter are the evening shades and sadness
To hearts which in each other take delight.

And now the world's at rest, our souls shall steal
To blend and mingle in this peaceful hour,
Like rainbow hues, which sweeter grace reveal
In the soft stillness of a moonlight shower.

Love is the rainbow left us in our thrall,
The hope of earth, form'd by a light from heaven,
Which penetrates the showers of grief that fall—
For taste of joys for aye, not of earth's leaven.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XV.

"SHOW my nephew to his apartment, Mrs. Driver," said her master, "and see that he has everything he requires."

Five minutes afterwards the speaker was seated in his office listening to an intricate deed of settlement which one of the clerks read over to him, his attention, to all outward appearances, to him, and concentrated as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Tom found his room at the top of the house plainly but comfortably furnished, large, and, what to one born and bred in the country was far more important, airy.

"Your uncle selected it for you," observed the housekeeper, who fancied he surveyed it with a dissatisfied air.

"Very kind of him, Mrs. Driver."

He had not forgotten her name.

"You will find it rather dull," added the woman.

"I like quiet."

"Can I assist you to arrange your things?"

"No, I thank you. I am accustomed to wait upon myself."

"Don't like her," muttered Tom, as she quitted the chamber; "and unless I am greatly mistaken she does not like me. It is a strange world I have come to: but I must make the best of it."

More than once whilst unpacking his trunks he felt strongly tempted to quit the house and take up his abode with his friend Frank for a few days, till he could find employment. But the thought of his mother, the disappointment, the distress such a step would cause her, restrained him.

Tom took from his desk the first letter he had received from his friend, describing Dr. Slop's magnificent residence, and his flattering reception of him.

"Something like an uncle," he ejaculated, in a tone of admiration. "Frank has the luck of it. And he deserves it," he added; "he deserves it."

The speaker was barely seventeen. An age that few can distinguish the difference between tinsel and the ring of the true metal.

* * * * *

Being naturally shrewd, and gifted with a keen perception of the ridiculous, Frank Beacham had not been many months in London before he had thoroughly understood the true character and principles of the benevolent Dr. Slop, whose correspondence he corrected, whose charity speeches he wrote, and, having a talent for elocution, taught him to deliver. The distinguished philanthrophist could not always wear his mask. There were moments when weariness compelled him to lay it aside. It was then that his *protege* studied him.

It is an awful thing to have a patron; no servitude is so exacting. A coachman, a butler, or a footman, knows exactly what he has to do, and performs it more or less efficiently; but the unfortunate dependant's task is never complete. There is always something to add to it. It is endless as his humiliation, and what renders it more bitter is that he is mocked all the while with the pleasant fiction that he is a gentleman.

A sensible footboy would refuse to change places with him.

Frank had to attend his relatives to meetings and public dinners; cry Hear! hear! in the proper place; move a vote of thanks to him when no enthusiastic admirer rose to make the proposition; report for the paper the clever charlatan was the proprietor of, and subscribed his guinea occasionly.

The guinea of course came out of the doctor's pocket, or rather the subscribers to the charity—as treasurer it was easily arranged; but his gloves and cab hire from his own.

Those who witnessed the easy indifference with which the well-dressed victim to appearances dropped his shilling into the plate when the waiters handed him his hat and coat little suspected that it was his last.

Such, however, was too frequently the case.

Frank had returned home from the great annual dinner, and was sitting over a scanty fire in his solitary room, chewing his cud of butter fancies. Poor fellow, he had few sweet ones. He had made a speech, proposed a toast, received a shake from the hand of a royal duke, and found that he had just sixpence in his pocket! No wonder the discovery made him feel more than usually misanthropical.

"Humbug!" he muttered several times to himself. "The world is a miserable humbug! Shame thrives whilst true men starve, and I am as bad as the rest. What a practical lie I have acted to-night. Three guineas! to charity! How the devil must have chuckled when he saw my name in the list."

A tap at the door startled him from his reverie.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"I, Hamlet the Dane," replied Lorenzo Augustus Mandeville Wildbird, making his appearance, with a long clay pipe in one hand a jug of ale in the other.

"You do not much resemble him," returned his fellow lodger, making a faint attempt to smile.

"Ah, but you should should see me in the dress," said the actor conceitedly. "I tried on Mac's after he left the theatre to-night—fitted me admirably—stood a glass to his dresser. Genius must pay for its caprices."

"So I presume."

"I only want an occasion to be appreciated."

"Indeed!"

The word was pronounced so listlessly it drew the attention of the eccentric but kind-hearted histrion to the speaker, and, for the first time, he perceived how a few weeks had changed him; his face had lost that sunny expression which gave animation to the pleasant features, and his merry laughter-loving eyes grown dull as those of an imprisoned bird.

"Your lordship has cup too low, methinks," he exclaimed, pushing the jug towards him.

"Thank you, I have been dining out, and do not require it."

"With Duke Humphrey!"

"No, with Lucullus," said Frank. "Lazarus at the rich man's table." He had no right to be there. Turtle and ostentation, Champagne and vanity, hollow as its bubbles sparkling as its froth. Charity gave a pretext for the feast, as with hypocrisy preached benevolence, and the gulled guests applauded. 'The Romans,' he continued, in the same bitter strain, 'mixed tar, we are told, in their wine to give it a fiery zest. Wormwood has been mingled with mine, and it has scorched me."

"So I perceive," said Wildbird, dropping his theatrical voice and speaking naturally, which he invariably did when he felt interested, "and although I am only a poor unfortunate devil, whose sponsorial and baptismal appellations the tryant managers will not allow to appear in full in the bills, and receive only—but I will not disgust you by revealing the inadequate amount—I can feel for you."

"Thank you,' replied the youth extending his hand to him.

"And advise, if I can't assist you," added the actor. "I have seen a great deal of the world."

"The outside of it, I expect," observed Frank.

"It is all the outside"' muttered Wildbird, taking a long draw from his pipe. "Like the onion, there may be a slight shade or two of difference in the color of the coats but tissue is the same from the first to the last. No heart, only a little hard core, with the primal nomad self imbedded in it. It would be amusing to pare it," he continued, still keeping up the simile, "if tears did not follow the process. Many have tried it. Some wiped their eyes, and saw more clearly afterwards; others became blind."

There was so much real kindness coupled with these quaint remarks, that Frank was touched by it, and, although he could expect but little advantage from the advice of one whose position was almost as false and precarious as his own, he candidly confessed to him the cause of his embarrassment.

"Write to your father," said the actor.

"I have done so, and he threatens to withdraw the pittance he allows me if I quit his relative," replied the youth. "And yet I can scarcely believe that he is deceived by him. Sometimes I think of coming to an explanation with the doctor himself, asking him to release me from the promise I so incautiously made of remaining with him for three years."

"Did you ever see the 'Merchant of Venice' acted?' demanded Wildbird.

"I have read it."

"And found that Shylock relinquished his pound of flesh willingly?"

"No."

"No more will Slop," replied his friend. "You are useful to him and cheap, to say nothing of the credit he gets for acting the patron. I know more of him than you imagine. He deprived his own brother of employment at the institution of which he is a director, lest their relationship should become known. Pride could not endure the thought of fraternal poverty coming between the wind and his nobility. And yet the poor fellow had changed his name to propitiate him."

"He cannot be so utterly heartless," exclaimed Frank indignantly.

"Bah!"

"You wrong him."

"He is heartless enough, I tell you, to suck your brains till they are dry, drain the energy of your young life, like marrow from your bones; and when he has used both brain and energy in building a monument to his vanity, cast you off as no longer serviceable."

"Heaven help me!" exclaimed the youth. "I am in the snare."

"Creep out of it," said his fellow lodger.

"Creep," repeated Frank.

"Since you are not strong enough to break it," added his adviser. "I will help you."

"You! How?"

"Introduce you to my friend Bung."

Had the speaker proposed to present him to the Grand Lama his hearer could scarcely have felt more mystified.

"Thank you," he replied, trying to look pleased.

Wildbird explained that Mr. Bung was a very important personage in the theatrical world, and had the engaging of all the supernumeraries at Covent Garden.

"Eighteenpence per night," he added, "and everything found."

"But suppose I should be recognised?"

"Is there no virtue in burnt cork?" replied the magnificant Lorenzo.

"If I thought I should not disgrace——"

"Would Rolla counsel dishonor to his friend?" interrupted the actor reproachfully.

"Nine shillings a week! I have known Richard and Macbeth strut their hour on the stage for half the the sum in the country. It will afford you a glimpse of life, complete your education, which in worldly knowledge appears sadly deficient."

Despite the enumeration of those advantages Frank still hesitated.

"What else can you do?" added the speaker. "Nothing."

That question, and the answer, although it was not his own, decided him, and three nights afterwards the *protege* of Dr. Slop made his first appearance as one of King Lear's guards.

The great difficulty, the question of ways and means, was resolved.

Wildbird said truly a theatre is an epitome of the world, and useful lessons are to be learnt in bickerings and heart-burnings, in the mimic as in the real scenes of life; and, let us be just, much good, for, if charity covereth a multitude of sins, the actor may hope to be absolved.

They will abuse, scold, criticise, underrate the talents of each other; but let the hour of misfortune arrive, all professional jealousy is forgotten, rivals become benefactors, and detractors friends.

Frank was standing one night at the wing during the run of the pantomime, waiting the commands of a spangled tryant—afterwards very properly punished by being transformed into clown—to bear the embryo harlequin to "the deepest dungeon," when one of the figurantes caught fire.

To rush forward, tear down the canvas drapery of the mimic throne, and envelop the shrieking girl in its fold, was the act of an instant. A hearty cheer from the audience followed him as he bore her from the scene. The victim was saved, but the right hand of the preserver severely burnt.

"You have been spoken of in the *first* green room," said Wildbird on his return from rehearsal the following morning. "A subscription has been proposed, and——"

"I hope not," interrupted the hero of the adventure, blushing deeply. "I cannot accept it."

"There spoke the blood of Douglas," exclaimed the actor in a tone of admiration.

"Pray put a stop to the proceeding."

"Conclude it done, my lord. But that is not all. The ladies of the ballet have passed a resolution to kiss you all round. Am I to——"

"No, no," interrupted the youth; "let that take its course. Most likely they will forget it before I am well enough to appear among them again," he added, pointing to his disabled hand. "But, tell me, how is Lizzy?"

"Ah! you know her name," said his fellow lodger archly.

A second blush far more intense than the first colored the pale cheeks of his friend.

"Not a blemish on her fair skin," continued the speaker; "thanks to the presence of mind. She will be here presently with her father to thank you."

"Here?"

"No use of being angry," observed the actor. "I tried to refuse your address, but she smiled it out of me. A very remarkable girl—good as beautiful. Her father is a musician; won't let her sing in the choruses for fear of spoiling her voice. They say it is magnificant. Refused two guineas a week to starve upon fifteen shillings in the ballet. He has an eye to the future; never lets her come or leave the theatre alone—and quite right."

"Quite," repeated Frank emphatically.

Tilly, the maid of all work, who frequently complained, and not without reason, that her place was a very 'ard one, came puffing into the room—three flights of stairs without counting the kitchen ones—to say that an old man and a young gal were below askin' for Mr. Beacham.

"He says his name is Noel; but I thinks," she added in a tone of disdain, "they be only theatericals."

"Woman!" exclaimed the actor, indignant at her want of respect for the profession; "speak more reverently."

"I ain't a speakin' to you, Mr. Wildbird, and I ain't your servant," replied the girl, tossing her head.

"Show the lady and gentleman upstairs, if you please," said Frank.

"Certainly, if you wish me," answered Tilly. "Anything you ask me. I know the difference betwixt a real gentleman and the likes of those people, who never gives nuffin but trouble."

Having delivered her opinion, and no doubt greatly relieved her mind by the little burst of eloquence, the maid-of all work disappeared, and in a few minutes a venerable-looking man, whose erect form and soldierlike bearing betrayed that he had served, entered the apartment accompanied by Lizzy.

The grateful girl ran towards the sofa, and, taking the wounded hand of her preserver, gently kissed it.

"I have come," said her father, "to thank you for preserving the life of my only child—the light of my declining age, the sole joy of my solitary existance. I cannot express my gratitude as I could wish. I am poor in words, and poorer still in means, but the little assistance I can give is offered freely."

"Believe me, sir," interrupted Frank, "that is quite unnecessary. I am amply repaid already."

"Still, if any——"

"Do not name it," said the youth. "Were I needy, which I am not—only poor—and you were rich, I should scorn to accept a recompense for an act of humanity."

Mr. Noel felt surprised; such were not the sentiments or language he expected to hear from a supernumerary.

"Father! father!" exclaimed Lizzy. "look at his poor hand! See what he must have suffered!"

The tone of intense feeling with which the words were uttered, the tears which dimmed the eyes of the fair girl, caused the heart of Frank to beat as it had never beat before, and that same night her presence mingled in his dreams.

The visitors had scarcely taken their leave when Dr. Slop called to ascertain why his *protege* had not presented himself as usual.

"I was out last night sir," said Frank, extending his hand to show the injury it had received. "The dress of a young lady caught fire. In my efforts to distinguish it——"

"You have not burnt your dress-coat, I trust," interrupted the doctor bluntly.

"I did not wear one," replied the youth.

"So much the better," observed his patron, greatly relieved.

Had it been destroyed the speaker must have replaced it; Frank's dress coat, like the footman's livery, forming the part of the clever charlatan's *mise en scene*.

"It will be well in a few days," he continued, after examining the hand. "Pity it is the right—so many letters too; but there, it cannot be helped now. I will send you some dressing."

The sufferer, for really he did suffer, smiled bitterly as he took his leave.

Slop's prediction proved correct, for in less than a week his patient was able to resume his employment at the theatre, where his friend Wildbird's influence with Bung kept his employment open for him.

During the comic business of the pantomime, Frank had what is technically termed in the profession a long wait. Instead of lingering at the wings, which he thought would look like a desire to place himself in obedience after his late gallant exploit, he retired to the dresser's room to pass away the time.

Finding himself alone, and being in one of those fantastic moods in which imagination loves to play tricks with reason, he began to trace likenesses and places in the fire. One instant he saw a village green

at Wraycourt; the next he saw a pair of loving eyes, such as for the last few days had haunted him, peeped playfully through the glowing bars, drew back, and peered again. Then came a puff of envious smoke, and they vanished, but reappeared once more, distinctly as at first. He knew that it was all fancy; smiled once or twice at his own simplicity; thought he would stir the fire, but he could not find heart to do it, for no sooner did he grasp the poker, than the eyes seemed to gaze on him reproachfully, as if to ask what they had done that he should think of putting them out? They had never angered him. Do they look as if they could? Frank continued to see and hold mute converse with them even in the sleep that gradually overpowered him, and from which he at last was startled by the gentle pressure of a pair of lips upon his forehead, and a chorus of female voices pealing musically in his ears.

In an instant he stood blushing and confused beneath, not a pair of imaginary eyes, but a shower of living, laughing ones that beamed kindly upon him.

"What is it?" he exclaimed

"The kiss of the ballet!" answered a choir of voices

"Dare I ask who gave it?"

"All! All!"

"All!" repeated Frank archly. "I felt but one pair of lips."

"That was because we had but one heart to thank you for your courage and presence of mind in saving our companion," replied a dark haired girl, the leader of the bevy, in whose countenance might be traced a world of slumbering passion. "Dearly as we loved her, not one of us dared venture to her assistance. The contact would have been death, and fear made us cowards."

"No, no; not fear!"

"Love, then. We have most of us someone depending on our exertions, to whom the loss of a poor ballet girl would bring want and desolation.

"We have no mortal gifts to bestow," observed a second; "Recollect that we are fairies"—this was in allusion to their costume—"And can only endow you with imaginary ones. Make your choice," she added laughingly. "What shall it be?—Beauty?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the other girls; "he is handsome enough already."

"Persuasion?"

"That would make him dangerous."

"Constancy?"

"That is a gift beyond our power."

Thus questions and objections were received with peals of mirth by their fair speakers. It was proposed at last by one of them that Lizzy should decide.

"Leave him as he is," she answered modestly; "good, brave, and generous."

At this instant the cry of the call-boy was heard, "Everyone for the last scene;" and the nymphs of the ballet disappeared like a flock of startled birds.

"How stupid of me to have fallen asleep," thought Frank, as he prepared to follow them "I should like to know which of them gave the kiss."

The information we suspect was unnecessary, for his heart must have divined it.

Had any warning voice declared to Frank and Lizzy that they were in love with each other, both would have smiled at the suspicion, declared—and truthfully—that they had never thought of such a thing, added a dozen reasons to prove their clear sighted friend in error, and still have gone on dreaming the pleasing dream which passion changes to reality.

The heart of youth has neither experience nor instinct to guard it, and we question whether anyone yet ever felt thoroughly conscience of the process of falling in love the first time. Like the incautious fledgeling, it is only when we attempt to use them that we discover our wings have been burned.

Although so young, the poor ballet girl had already attracted the attention of one of those heartless libertines who are ever on the watch to make innocence their victim. Hitherto his attempts to speak to her had been frustrated by the vigilance of her father, his letters returned unopened, his presents rejected. But the Hon. Bernard Scott—for so he signed himself—was a person not easily repulsed. He had only to declare himself, he thought, to succeed, and the illness of the old musician gave him at last the opportunity he sought. Not that her parent left her unprotected; to Frank was confided the task of seeing her home safely from the theatre.

"That is he," whispered Lizzy, pressing closer to the side of her protector as a rakish, disappointed looking man placed himself in such a position as to obstruct her progress down the piazza.

"Is it?" replied the youth, grasping his cane.

The intruder raised his hat and would have addressed her.

"Back, sir," said Frank. "Miss Noel has nothing to say to you."

"I must hear it, my fine fellow, from her own lips," replied the ruffian. "Permit me to offer a slight tribute of admiration"

"Let me pass, pray let me pass!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Not till I have——"

A smart stroke of Frank's cane upon his hand caused him to drop the jewel-case he was about to present.

"Insolent scoundrel!" said the Hon. Bernard Scott.

A second blow sent his hat over his face.

"You shall repent your audacity. Insult a nobleman! A paltry super, too!"

"You may be noble," replied the youth, "although I very much doubt it. One thing at least is certain, you are not a gentleman; and if you do not stand clear I will kick you out of my path, as I would any other blackguard."

"Right! and I will stand by you," exclaimed someone at a short distance behind him.

Frank turned round, and by the light of the lamps recognised his friend Tom Briarly hastening towards him.

"Thrash the scoundrel! Thrash him soundly!"

No sooner did the Hon. Bernard Scott hear the voice of the speaker than he took to his heels in a most dignified manner, and disappeared in the purlieus of the market.

The group that had gathered round hissed and hooted after him.

"What is this?" said Tom, picking up the jewel case.

"Don't touch it! Pray don't touch it!" replied Lizzy with a shudder,

The poor girl appeared so terrified and trembled so violently that the young men insisted upon calling a coach, in which they all three drove off stopping by the way in Bow-street to deposit the Hon. Bernard Scott's present at the police-office.

"He is coward enough to accuse me of robbing him," observed Frank to the inspector on duty, after relating his adventure, "so I thought it most prudent to place it in your hands."

"You need not have troubled yourself," replied the officer after a slight examination of the contents of the case. "I don't think it will be claimed."

"Not claimed! Diamonds are of such value!"

"You are from the country, sir?"

Tom Briarly admitted the accusation to be correct.

"I ought so," said the inspector. "The value of the diamonds is about fifteen shillings. Pinchbeck and paste, nothing more; something like the gentleman's title, I suspect."

His visitors thought so too.

After seeing the ballet-girl (who thanked them again and again for their protection) safely to her home, the friends adjourned to Frank's lodgings to have an hour's conversation before separating.

"Your landlord told me you were at the theatre," observed Tom, "so I went there in the hope of finding you. Don't laugh at my simplicity. It is the first time I ever set foot in one. It was the merest accident that we met. I heard your voice."

"And saw me?"

"No."

"I tell you, yes," added the youth resolutely, for he scorned concealment with so true a friend.

"And where did I see you?"

"Upon the stage."

"Are you quite sure you are in your senses?" demanded Tom, greatly surprised. "Upon the stage! What, in the name of fortune, took you there?"

"Poverty, and the curse of a false position; the necessity of keeping up appearances which are a mockery and a lie."

"I don't believe in the necessity," observed his hearer bluntly.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was a great relief to Frank Beacham to pour the tale of his allusions and disappointments into sympathising ears that received every word with the warm interest of friendship. Once or twice during the narrative the voice of the speaker faltered, and when he concluded he buried his face in his hands.

"Take them away," exclaimed young Briarly, grasping them, "and let me see your honest countenance. You have done nothing that should plant a blush there. Slop is an awful humbug—a heartless hyprocite. I thought my uncle looked rather queer when I mentioned his name. You have astonished me! I thought you were on the high road to fortune all this while. We must put an end to this."

"How and it?"

"Can't tell yet. Think of it."

"My father threatens to discontinue my allowance if I quit the man he has placed me with."

"Do without it, then."

"And starve!"

"Starve!" repeated Tom! "Stuff!" With a clear head and an honest heart there is no fear of starving. What you are to do, I know not but out of that man's hands I am determined to take you. You will have to rough it a little at first, perhaps a great deal. Best to put things in the worse light; all the more cheerful if they turn out better. I must consult my uncle."

"Is he so kind to you?"

"Rough as a crab-apple, Frank," answered his friend, laughing. "But sound as the core. I have only been with him two days, and already found that out. He has given me permission to invite you to dine with us on Sunday. Of course you will come?"

"Yes; willingly."

"That is right. But I wish you had said Yes more cheerfully. It pains my heart to hear you speak in that listless tone. You were once so merry."

"That was at Wraycourt," observed Frank with a sigh. "Do you remember how I used to steal out of the house of an evening to meet you? Those were happy days. It is only six months since I quitted home, and they already appear to me a memory."

"I should think I do recollect it," said Tom, grasping his hand; "and the games with our young companions on the village-green, and how Lucy came to the gate to witness them."

"She is quite well, I trust?" he added, trying to look as if the question had prompted by mere ordinary politeness, although he had been considering for the last ten minutes how to introduce her name into their conversation.

"Quite well," answered her brother, "and very happy with Miss Creech, who is as kind as she is eccentric. We must call."

"If Miss Beacham would not think it a liberty."

"Miss Beacham! Liberty," repeated his friend. Brothers are naturally obtuse. "It is you who are incomprehensible now. Lucy will be delighted to see you. She is very fond of you."

"Don't flatter a fellow."

"Not I. Why, she would love a dog if it came from Wraycourt."

"Thank you," said Tom dryly.

"I did not mean *that*," exclaimed Frank laughingly. "You know that she regards you as a brother"

Whether this was exactly the kind of regard his friend would have preferred is a fair point of speculation for our readers. We think not. True she was very young—only eighteen—but it is a common saying. "There are no boys now," and where the heart is concerned we inclined to believe it. That is to say, boys of his age.

His friend insisted on accompanying him as far as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the residence of Mr. Quarl, at whose door they shook hands and parted.

"Very late, sir," observed the housekeeper as she admitted her master's nephew.

"Sorry to have kept you up. Could not help it."

Mrs Driver had not been kept waiting. Her son, whom the lawyer permitted to sleep in the house, had only just returned

"Suppose your uncle should ask you what hour you returned," added the woman, who for some purpose of her own evidently wished to place Tom under an obligation to her, "what am I to say?"

"Ten minutes past one," he replied, looking at his watch "No, stay; as your master likes to be very correct, twelve minutes past by the office clock. I am just two too slow. Good-night, Mrs. Driver. Thank you."

As the young man ascended the staircase he fancied that he heard one of the bedroom doors gently closed. It might have been imagination, but he shrewdly suspected that it was Mr. Quarl upon the watch for him.

Although Tom Briarly had very little rest, for thinking of his friend and the best means of serving him, he rose at his usual hour, and descended to the breakfast-room, where he found his relative looking more than ordinarily out of temper.

"Good-morning, sir," he said.

An indistinct kind of growl, in which the word morning might possibly have been detected, accompanied by a nod, was the reply to his salutation.

"He is in a pretty humor to ask a favor of," thought his nephew. "Still it must be done; he can only refuse."

"I called upon Frank Beacham last night," he said, speaking aloud, "and found he had gone to the theatre."

"Indeed!"

"So I followed him. It was the merest accident we met."

"So I should suppose."

"After so long a separation we had much to talk over."

"At a tavern!"

"No, sir," answered Tom seriously, "at my friend's lodgings. I never saw the inside of a tavern in my life. Time passed rapidly, and it was ten—twelve minutes, I mean, past one when I returned home.

"Umph!" ejaculated his uncle; "no great fault, but late hours are bad."

Tom fancied that he saw the lean shadow of a smile flit across the thin lips of Mr. Quarl when he corrected himself as to the exact number of minutes, and felt convinced his suspicion that the old man had been sitting up for him was correct.

"Are you very busy, sir, this morning?"

"I am always busy," replied the lawyer tartly. "Why do you ask?" he added, seeing his look of disappointment.

"Because I wish to consult you, sir," replied his nephew.

"In difficulties already!"

Taking no notice of this ungracious remark, Tom proceeded to relate the history of his friend Frank during the six months he had been in London, his false position with Dr. Slop, his struggles to keep up appearances. He kept nothing in the background, but told everything, from his rescuing Lizzy to his last adventure with the Hon. Bernard Scott.

When he had concluded, Mr. Quarl, who had listened very patiently, walked to the book-case, took down the Peerage, and examined it carefully.

"No such person," he said, closing the volume.

"I guessed the fellow was an impostor."

"Your friend should write to his father."

"He has done so," replied the nephew, "and Mr. Beacham threatens to stop his allowance unless he remains."

"I daresay he is right," growled the lawyer.

"I am certain you do not think so, uncle," said Tom Briarly; "you are too clear-headed for that."

"And supposing I am clear-headed, as you call it," observed the old man—"mind, I detest flattery—what can I do in the affair?"

"Frank writes an excellent hand."

"Does he?"

"And you have a great deal of writing in the office."

"Ah!"

"If you would only employ him," added the pleader earnestly. "Something must be done to save him from his present position. He shall not remain in it."

"'Must' and 'shall' are strong words," said his relative sarcastically.

"But not so strong as friendship, sir."

"And what if I refuse."

"I must apply to someone else," answered Tom. "All who are rich are not insensible."

"Who told you I was rich!" demanded Mr. Quarl sharply.

"I was not thinking of you, sir, but of some employment for my friend."

"I will consider it," said the lawyer cautiously, "and give you my answer on Monday after I have seen him. But don't be too sanguine," he added, interrupting the expressions of gratitude his nephew was about to pour forth. "Age judges by a different standard from youth."

"Judge Frank Beacham by any standard," replied the delighted advocate in a tone of confidence, "and you will find him truth and probity itself."

"A very odd lad, that nephew of mine," muttered the lawyer, as he walked from the breakfast-room to his office; "very unlike what I expected. I fear I shall become attached to him."

Fear! What a sad tale of bitterness and experience did that one word imply.

"There is a great deal more of the peach than the crab apple in my uncle's disposition after all," thought Tom. "But it is time I finished my breakfast."

On the following Sunday, Frank, who little imagined how much depended upon the impression he would make, dined with Mr. Quarl and his friend. The old gentleman appeared to pay but little attention to their conversation and yet not a word of it escaped him. He had previously obtained a copy of the subscription list for the great charity dinner, and found the name of his visitor down for three guineas.

Dr. Slop would not have felt complimented had he heard the emphatic "Humbug!" that broke from his lips as he perused it. The lawyer knew him.

"I think you told me," he said, after his visitor had taken his leave, "that Mr. Beacham writes an excellent hand?"

"Magnificent," replied Tom, his eyes sparkling with hope. "Much better than mine."

"Can you show me a specimen?"

His nephew bounded up the staircase to his own room, and speedily returned with a small packet of letters, which he placed upon the table.

"Which am I to examine?" inquired his uncle.

"Any one, sir; quite immaterial. All, if you please."

The reply produced a most favorable impression upon Mr. Quarl. Had the speaker selected one, he would not have felt half the confidence.

"He may have as much office work as he can do," said the lawyer, after examining the address of one of the letters, which he replaced unread on the packet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN ADAIR COUNTY, MISSOURI the other day, two young men concluded to have their pictures taken with pistols drawn on each other. They had each cocked their pistols, and, while the photographer was arranging them in a proper position, one of the pistols was discharged by him, the ball striking the man opposite just above the left lung.

Square umbrellas are the style in Paris.

TREES AND SHRUBS.

THE ASH.—Tradition hands down to us an allegory, which we relate, not only to show that the ash was esteemed a sacred tree, but because we recognise in this fable of the heathens a disfigured but very striking analogy to the tree of knowledge of good and evil. This figurative fable, which is from the Edda (a sort of Scandinavian Bible), states that the court of the gods is held beneath a miraculous ash, whose branches cover the surface of the world, and whose summit touches the heavens,—whilst its roots descend to the regions of Pluto. An eagle constantly reposes on the tree, to observe everything; whilst a squirrel ascends and descends incessantly, to make a report. Serpents are twined around the trunk. Beneath one of its roots runs a limpid fountain, where wisdom is concealed; it communicates with a neighboring stream, in which is found the knowledge of things to come. This ingenious idea signifies that wisdom knows how to profit for the future by the remembrance of what is past. Three virgins are entrusted with the guardianship of this sacred tree, who always remain beneath the branches, to refresh the ash with these salutary waters, which, on falling back on the earth, form a dew, which produces honey—happy effects of the invention of wisdom and science. The Edda of Woden holds the ash in so high a veneration, that man is described as being formed from it. Hesiod, who is supposed to have lived in Homer's time, deduced his brazen race of men from the ash. That the ancient writers should so highly extol the ash is not extraordinary, as its inner bark often was the substance they wrote on before the invention of paper. Ancient writers state, that serpents have such an antipathy to the ash that they will not approach even within its morning or evening shadow; and Pliny tells us (he says upon experience) that if a fire and a serpent be surrounded by ash boughs, the serpent will sooner run into the fire than into the boughs. He considers it as providential that the ash should blossom before the serpents, and that it should not cast its leaves until these reptiles were gone. Dioscorides, the celebrated physician to Antony and Cleopatra, assures us that the leaves of the ash applied to the wound, or the juice of them being mixed with wine and drunk, was a cure for the venomous bite of vipers.

The Aspen.—The heart shaped leaves of this tree adhere to the twigs by a long and slender stalk, the plane of which is at right angles to that of the leaf, and consequently allows them a much freer motion than other leaves that have their planes parallel with their stalks. This, with their cottony lining below, and their hairy surface above, causes that perpetual motion and quivering, even when we cannot perceive by other means the least breath of air stirring in the atmosphere. This trepidation is attended of course with a rustling noise. Ignorance, which has ever been more attached to superstition than to philosophical reasoning, accounts for this phenomena, from a notion that our Saviour's cross was made of this tree, and that therefore the leaves can never rest.

The Box.—We believe box is almost the only wood that will sink in the water, and that is sold by weight. Pliny observes, "that it is as hard to burn as iron, and that it will neither flame nor burn clear; nor can it be converted into charcoal."

Jasmine.—If we may believe a Tuscan tale, we owe our thanks to Cupid for the distribution of this pretty shrub. We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of it in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone desired to possess that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, nor so much as a single flower to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not the god of love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress, the gardener presented her with a nosegay; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, he ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The poor girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into the fresh earth; and the branch remained green all the year and in the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers; and it flourished and multiplied so much under the hand of the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb which says that a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

Enter Jones, the magnificent, with stranger—"A little surprise for you, Mrs. J. Let me introduce Mr. Wiggins, whom I have persuaded to take his chance, and come and try potluck with us; and I hope you won't starve him, hey, my love?" Mrs. Jones—"There's no fear of that, Mr. Wiggins. I got my husband's telegram in time."

THE CHARMERS OF HINDOOSTAN.

A RELIABLE traveler relates the following of these strange beings. A lean Hindoo Chondor almost naked, with an ascetic face and bronzed color, entered. Around his neck, arms, legs and body were coiled serpents of different sizes.

The serpents raised their heads and hissed, but without showing anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to his hair, the juggler produced scarcely audible sounds imitating bird. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground, they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, of whom there were about ten, all of the most deadly cobra species of India. His eyes assumed a strange expression. We felt an indefinable uneasiness, and sought to turn away our gaze from him.

At this moment a boy, whose business was to hand fire in a small brazier for lighting cigars, yielding to his influence, lay down, and fell asleep. Five minutes passed thus, and we felt that the manipulations were to continue a few seconds more, we should all fall asleep. Chondor then rose, and making two more passes over the boy, said to it, 'Give the commander some fire."

The young servant rose, and, without tottering came and offered fire to his master. He placed some of it on one near our party. It was pinched and pulled about, till there was no doubt of it being actually asleep. Nor would it move from Sir Maxwell's side till ordered to do so by the fakir.

We then examined the other cobras. Paralyzed by magnetic influence, they lay at full length upon the ground. On taking them up we found them as stiff as sticks. They were in a state of catalepsy. The fakir then awakened them, and they returned and again coiled themselves round his body. On asking him if he could make us feel his influence, he made a few passes over our legs, and instantly we lost the use of them; we could not leave our seats. He then released us as easily as he had paralysed us.

Chondor closed his seance by experimenting upon inanimate objects. By mere passes with his hands in the direction of the object he acted upon, and, without leaving his seat, he paled and extinguished lights in the farthest part of the room, moved the furniture, including the divans upon which we sat, opened and closed the doors. Catching sight of a Hindoo who was drawing water from a well in the garden, he made a pass in his direction, and the rope suddenly stopped in its descent, resisting all the efforts of the astonished gardener. With another pass the rope again descended.

"Do you employ the same means in acting upon inanimate objects that you do upon living things?" I asked.

"I have only one means," he replied.

"What is it?"

"The will. Man, who is the result of all intellectual and material forces, must dominate over all. The Brahmins know nothing beside this."

ODD ORIGINS.—Confucius was a carpenter; Mahomet, called the prophet, was a driver of asses; the Emperor of Morocco was a pawnbroker; Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was a surgeon in the garrison of Martinique when the English took that island, Madame Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris; Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family of Corsica, was a major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacconist Creole of Martinique; Franklin was a printer; President John Tyler was a captain of Militia; Oliver Cromwell was originally a brewer; President Polk was formerly an innkeeper; the stepfather of Isabella, Queen of Spain, husband of Queen Christina, and brother-in-law of the King of Naples, was once a bar-keeper of a coffee-room; King Christophe of Hayti was a slave of St. Kitt's; Bolivar was a druggist; Columbus was a sailor; King Louis Philippe was a teacher of the French tongue; Catherine, the Empress Russia, was a camp grisette; Cincinnatus was ploughing his vineyards when the dictatorship of Rome was offered to him; a governor of the Island of Madeira was a tailor, and a Minister of Finance in Portugal was a dealer in bottles of Madeira wine. There are at present in Portugal and Spain several Dukes, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts and Barons who formerly were cooks, tailors, barbers, cobblers, sweepers, and mulattoes.

In a libel suit against a Louisville paper the plaintiff was awarded one cent damages. To show how popular some papers are, it is stated that an influential capitalist at once stepped forward and offered to loan the editor the money to pay the damages, without any security more than a chattel mortgage on the press and material.

A BUTTERFLY'S LIFE.

A BUTTERFLY'S view of life is on the whole a cheerful one. Yet his existence must be something so nearly mechanical that we probably overrate the amount of enjoyment which he derives from flitting about so airily among the flowers and passing his days in the unbroken amusement of sucking liquid honey. He is, as it were, a piece of half conscious mechanism, answering immediately to impulses from without, just as the thermometer answers to variations of temperature.

In early life, the future butterfly emerges from the egg as a caterpillar. At once his legs begin to move, and the caterpillar moves forward by their motion. The caterpillar walks, it knows not why, but simply because it has to walk. When it reaches a fit place for feeding, which differs according to the nature of the larva, it feeds automatically. After a considerable span of life spent in feeding and walking about in search of more food, the caterpillar one day found itself compelled by an inward monitor to alter its habits. Why, it knew not; but just as a tired child sinks into sleep, the gorged and full-fed caterpillar sinks peacefully into a dormant state. Then its tissues melt one by one into a kind of organic pap and its outer skin hardened into a crysalis. Within that solid case new limbs and organs began to grow by hereditary impulses.

At length one day the chrysalis bursts asunder, and the insect emerges to view, a full-fledged and beautiful butterfly. For a minute or two it stands and waits till the air it breathes has filled out its wings, and till the warmth and sunlight have given it strength. For the wings are by origin a part of the breathing apparatus, and they require to be plumed by the air before the insect can take to flight. Then, as it grows more accustomed to its new life, the hereditary impulse causes it to spread its vans abroad, and it flies. Soon a flower catches its eye, and the bright mass of color attracts it irresistibly as the candle-light attracts the eye of a child a few weeks old. It sets off towards the patch of red or yellow, probably not knowing beforehand that this is the visible symbol of food for it, but merely guided by the blind habit of its race. Thus the moths, which fly by night, and visit only white flowers whose corollas still shine out in the twilight are so irresistibly led on by the external stimulus of light from a candle falling upon their eyes that they cannot choose but move their wings rapidly in that direction; and though singed and blinded twice or three times by the flame, must still wheel and eddy into it, till at last they perish in the scorching blaze. The butterfly, in like manner, is attracted automatically by the color of his proper flowers, and, settling upon them, sucks up their honey instinctively. But feeding is not now his only object in life; he has to find and pair with a suitable mate. That, indeed, is the great end of his winged existence. Here again his simple nervous system stands him in good stead. The picture of his kind is, as it were, imprinted on his little brain, and he knows his own mates the moment he sees them, just as intuitively as he knows the flowers upon which he must feed.

If humanity continues as gullible as it has shown itself in the last few years, we shall advocate a new kind of school primer in order that people may learn in their childhood what you can't beat into some of them with a triphammer, even when they are old enough to go to Congress. One lesson we should advocate having fixed up in something after this style: "What is three card monte?" "Is is a bad, bad game." "Who plays three card monte?" "One man who looks like a farmer." "One man who looks like a school philosopher." "Can two play this game?" "Yes, my child. Even four can play at this game." "What does the fourth man do?" "He gets left, my child. He gets badly left. He loses all his money. He pulls his hair and uses wicked words." "Then the fourth man is an ass for playing." "He is an ass."

A gentleman was going home at a late hour recently when he was suddenly confronted by a footpad, who, with pistol placed at his head demanded his money. The gentleman assured the fellow that he had no money—that he had "been to a fair." Before he could say more the rascal dropped his pistol, put it in his pocket, and presently took out his wallet, and crushing something into the citizen's hand, said, in grief-broken accents, as he turned on his heel, "Been to a fair! Poor fellow! take that—I wish it was more." He was soon lost in the night. Upon approaching a street lamp the gentleman found that the miscreant had given him a $10 bill. Verily, one touch of nature makes the whole world akin.

Old gentleman (musical)—"Have you any plane tree wood?" Timber merchant (whose hopes are raised in anticipation of a good order these hard times)—"Yes, sir,—pray walk in, sir,—as fine a stock as any in town, sir. Would you prefer it in the plank or in the—ah—log?" Old gentleman—"O, thanky, I am not particular. I want a bit for a fiddle bridge!"

Farm and Garden.

INFLAMED WOUNDS.—It is recommended to treat inflamed wounds by smoking them with burning wool or woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool, it is said, will take the pain out of the worst wound, and if repeated once or twice will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound.

PRESERVATION OF PHOTOGRAPHS.—The following formula for a preservative varnish, which is stated to be an entire protection against fading: One drachm of gum dammar dissolved in one ounce of benzole; one drachm of paraffin dissolved in one ounce of benzole. Mix four parts of the paraffin solution with one part of the dammar solution. Prints covered with this varnish are impermeable to water. A solution of the paraffin only will do; but it is better with the gum dammar.

INCOMBUSTIBLE WOOD.—Take a quantity of water proportionate to the surface of the wood to cover, and add to it as much potash as will dissolve therein. When the water will dissolve no more potash, stir into it a quantity of flour paste and a sufficiency of pure clay to render it of the consistency of cream. Immerse the wood in the preparation, and it will ever be secured from the action of fire and water. This preparation may be applied to the surface of wooden roofs or other places particularly exposed to the action of fire. In the most violent conflagration, wood saturated thus may be carbonated but it will not blaze.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—It is not white gloves alone that require cleaning; green, buff, mauve, and light gloves are always fashionable; but they soon soil, and thus lose their beauty long before they are worn out. To clean such gloves, take two ounces of white curd soap, a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of ammonia. Cut the soap up fine, and boil it gently in the water; when of a uniform paste, add the ammonia and the carbonate of potash and stir the mass well together. Then put it into a jar, and when cold it will set. The directions for use are to rub the paste upon the gloves (upon the hand) with clean flannel, and as the dirt disappears use more clean flannel to brighten them. If the paste gets hard, add hot water.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—If anything swallowed by mistake causes an intense burning in the throat, it is probably a "corrosive" poison—that is, destroys the textures with which it comes in contact; send for a physician. Meanwhile swallow instantly half a glass of sweet or of sperm oil, or melted butter or lard, whichever is most convenient to use, and then, within five minutes, half a pint of water, in which has been stirred a teaspoonful each of common ground table mustard and salt. When a poison has been swallowed which has no special effect on the throat, but causes sickness at the stomach, faintness, drowsiness, stupor, or any other strikingly unusual or unnatural feeling, swallow instantly the whites of two or three eggs, and, as quickly as can be prepared, half a pint of coffee made thus: On a teacupful of ground coffee pour half a pint of boiling water. Stir into it the white of an egg. After allowing it to rest a minute or two, pour the liquid into a cold cup, and when it is not too hot drink it. Then, within five minutes, pour a glass of water on a tablespoonful each of ground mustard and table salt, stir and drink it at once, so as to prevent the mustard from settling on the bottom of the glass. The egg in the stomach more instantly antagonises a larger number of poisons than any other known substance; the coffee acts thus on the next largest number of poisons; while the mixture relieves the stomach of the whole of its contents by vomiting more instantly and safely than any other familiar compound.

Scientific and Useful.

FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight. Common saltpetre is also a very good preservative.

ASHES.—Ashes are, for many soils, a standard fertilizer. Places where a tree or brush heap has been burned often show the effects of the manuring for years. It is an old saying, "The land never forgets ashes."

KICKING COWS.—A correspondent says he once had a very valuable heifer which was an exceedingly vicious kicker. To cure her of the habit he put a common garden hoe and in front of her off hind leg and behind and above the gambrel joint of the nigh hind leg. Then sitting down on the right to milk, he put the handle of the hoe well up under his arm and began milking. The heifer could not stir either hind leg, and after one week she could be milked safely without fettering, and proved to be a valuable and gentle animal.

SALT FOR POULTRY.—Hens often have a habit of biting and pulling their feathers and greedily eating them until their bodies are bare. This practice, it is believed, is occasioned by a want of salt, as when salted food is given them they make no attempt to continue the habit. Salt pork chopped fine and fed twice a week has been adopted with success, while others put a teaspoonful of salt with two quarts of meal or shorts moistened, well mixed, and fed about twice every week. Fowls, like human beings, to be healthy must have a certain allowance of salt. Give your fowls warm, clean houses, and dry, grassy runs, if you would have them clear of roup and canker; and feed them regularly with good, nourishing food, if you would have them free from disease, lay more eggs, and be more profitable every day.

TO SKELETONIZE LEAVES.—Select well-grown leaves, and examine carefully to see if they are perfect before soaking. Put into an earthenware dish or wooden tub, keep covered with rainwater and stand in the sun. In from two to three weeks' time the skin and fleshy part will be found to be pulpy and decayed. Provide yourself with some cards as large, or larger, than any of the leaves, a soft camel's hair brush, as well as one a little stiffer. Gently float a leaf on to a card, and with the soft brush carefully remove the skin on one side. Have ready a pan of clear water, reverse the card in the water and slip it under the leaf so that the other side is uppermost. Brush this to remove the skin, when most of the parenchyma, or fleshy part will come with it, but if not it may generally be washed out. Any brushing action or horizontal motion will surely break the veins, and the use of a stiff brush can only be successful in a perpendicular direction, to loosen the tissue so that it may be washed out with a soft brush.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTIETH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 Per Year, in Advance which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 00
Five copies one year	8 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	28 00

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

HOW TO REMIT.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster is required to register letters when requested.

Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you send cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philada.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1881

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"LADY HUTTON'S WARD."—Chapter XI Continued, and Chapters XII, XIII and XIV.
"THE LOST WIFE."—Chapters XV and XVI.
"LADY MARGERIE."—Chapter XXIV Continued, and Chapter XXV.
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
THE WORLD OF HUMOR.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
FEMININITIES.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
EDITORIALS. SANCTUM CHAT.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

THE ART OF SNUBBING.

EVERYONE can be rude, forbidding, insolent and snubbing; but to only the studious and gifted few is it given to wound a friend's self-love with so slight a touch and so fine a point as to be almost imperceptible at the moment, the only thing certain in the matter being the wound—which remains. It takes no artistry to contradict flatly, to sneer openly, to put down an interlocutor as a fool who may or may not know his own folly. This is the bludgeon style of warfare—the savage's method of braining his foe and of cooking his food in the ashes of the fire. The art consists in the grace with which the weapon is used; the lightness of hand with which the thrust is made; the smallness of the visible aperture and the depth of the corresponding wound. The man or woman who has attained perfection in these methods has ever in possession one of the most deadly of all those poisonous needles, the scratch of which festers to the death, while invisible to all eyes but the sufferer's.

You have lately learned a quite new fact, whether in the physical sciences or in historical criticism it does not signify; but it is new, has not yet been published, and your authority is incontestable. You are in the presence of a snubber when you bring out your lately acquired treasure and make a present of it to all around. "That all? I knew that long ago," says the snubber, who has never heard the question discussed. And as all persons, save the exceptionally kind hearted and the exceptionally generous-minded, like the sport of snubbing as much as fox-hunters like cub hunting, you are at once set down, amid a shower of small sneers, as a mere retailer of second hand goods. Sometimes you are snubbed by a dead blank silence. You have said something for which it is desirable you should be put down, by the crushing force of negative disdain. And as you cannot talk with no one to listen and no one to reply, the snub does its work, and you are wounded, as it was meant you should be.

Cousin-german to the snub of silence is that of ostentatiously changing the conversation. You are assumed to have flourished a red rag in the face of your companions, and good breeding rebukes you by a sudden diversion and wheeling round away from your post, so that your aggressive flag shall not be seen. You really are too impracticable, they seem to say. There is no living possible with you; you have never learned to fall into step; and the only way to treat you is to change front rapidly and leave you in your isolation. They must prove to you that they are not with you, though they are too kind and well bred to say so openly. Hence they snub you with a courteous smile, as their sole reply to what you have said, and immediately open another topic of conversation, miles away from that which you had begun.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE game which is sent by the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family to London hospitals is rarely, says a London paper, if ever tasted by the patients, but is distributed among the officials, who regard these presents as their perquisites.

—

BRAZIL inaugurated, about ten years ago, a system of gradual emancipation for its slaves, by means of which slavery would cease in 1900. A large number of planters voluntarily freed their slaves, and the movement was popular for a while; but of late a reactionary party has gained strength, and the result is a fresh agitation of the subject.

—

VERILY he has the highest condition on earth who best serves his fellow men with what he is and has. Napoleon I., once in the street very meekly gave way to a heavily laden sack bearer, and in an earnest tone said to his surprised attendants, "Respect the burden." Yes, if all had felt so we should now see a very different state of things in this world.

—

THE Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindoostan.

—

THE rule that whenever a female teacher marries she must resign her position in the schools is based upon the theory that the public schools are to be regarded as asylums or refuges for the destitute; that the positions of teachers are given to them in order that they may be enabled to support themselves; and that as when a female teacher marries it is presumable that her husband will thenceforth maintain her, it is no longer necessary that she should draw pay from the public treasury.

—

A TEACHER of the High School of Boston, argued at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts teachers that the teaching of morals in schools was as necessary as the teaching of prescribed branches of study. The sentiments of the association was with him. The backwardness of pupils in responding and questioning was discussed, and it was the general opinion that the great trouble was that teachers were generally too hard on pupils, and did not sufficiently encourage them to make an effort. The pupil should be made to feel that even if he failed he is not to be crushed. Volunteering and asking questions should be made easy.

—

IT has been the fashion to regard Belgium as a model country, but a recent lady traveler gives no very pleasant picture of its rural aspects. The scattered villages, she says, lie very far apart, and Belgian villages are peculiarly wretched looking—the dwellings one-storied and miserable, the isolated cottages few, often mere mud hovels; vegetables running to the very door, with no path up to it, and not a single flower; the barelegged, bareheaded woman, evidently too ground down by hard work in the fields and anxiety for the bare necessities of life, to care for even a strip of garden. If flowers were to be seen, they were at a drinking-house or at the railway stations.

—

THE officers of ocean steamers, it is said, can, from their posts of observation on deck, tell more of what is going on among the passengers—flirtations and elopements—and better judge of their characters, whether they are fugitives from justice, commercial travelers, clergymen, or grass widows, than the passengers learn below. One of these observing captains declares that he knows whether a young woman has left her lover at one port or expects to meet him at the other. If her lover is behind her she cares nothing for wind, rain, or fog, but gets tanned, freckled, and toughened in a highly healthful and independent fashion. But if her love is waiting for her, she takes infinite trouble with veils and other complexion preservatives.

—

EVEN so important a personage as an English baronet expressed himself very strongly the other day concerning the absurd fashion of pockets in ladies' dresses at the back of the skirt outside. He said that these pockets were made to facilitate, and indeed to invite, thieves to put their hands into them. They were, in fact, only "temptation pockets" and the police were occupied a considerable portion of their time in watching men who are invited by them. When females were spoken to on the subject their answer always was that it was the fashion, and they must be in the fashion. And, he added, sensibly enough, that ladies deserved to lose whatever they put into these pockets.

—

IN the seventeenth century an umbrella generally measured about four feet in height and nearly four yards in circumference. It weighed at least four pounds, and cost a sum varying from ten to fifteen dollars, and even more. It was then made of leather, oiled silk, or glazed paper, and constituted an important article of property, handed down as a family heirloom from generation to generation. It was in 1780 that the Paris manufacturers began to reduce its size, and to make it of lighter and less expensive material. Its color had then by no means become restricted to the hues now in fashion, and the good people of the revolutionary times, as well as under the Directory, were free to indulge according to their fancy, in such colors as yellow, rose, blue and even apple green.

—

A WRITER for a Western paper has been criticising New York women, and the following is one of the conclusions:—"As a rule, the higher you go up in the social scale of New York the less beauty you find. I could name top-lofty families whose women are generally ugly to the extent of positive hideousness. There is a theory that the product of several generations of high culture is a palpably superior article of woman, with small hands and feet, arched insteps, sensitive nostrils, and other points supposed to indicate physical and mental refinement. Observation proves that the truth is no such thing. The shop girls of the Bowery are prettier, as a class, than the idle girl of Fifth avenue. This reads like heresy, no doubt, but it is nevertheless a plain statement of a fact. Criticise the two sorts without allowing the judgment to be prejudiced by the matter of dress, and the prize medal must be awarded to the Bowery, notwithstanding its sins of clothing and manners."

—

EVERY person who has visited the churches of the rural districts of England has come across frequent traces of the ruthless hand of the destroyer. Under his guidance rood screens and carved oak stalls have been removed by innumerable church wardens and their friends. Brasses have been torn up and recovered after many years in the shops of dealers in curiosities. The famous church of Elstow has been restored and the effect of the operation is visible in the advertisement columns of the newspapers. It is as celebrated for the memory of John Bunyan as for its church with its beautiful chapter house and noble tower isolated from the rest of the building. These can never be destroyed, but an enterprising firm of publishers has secured some of the oak which used to adorn the church, and the latest novelty in bookbinding is an Elstow edition of "Bunyan," the "wood sides of which is warranted made of the old oak taken from Elstow Church previous to restoration."

—

THERE seem to be so many erroneous notions among amateur meteorologists about the temperature and how to obtain it correctly. In the first place, the temperature of the wall of any building at any hour of the night or day is not the true temperature of the circulating air, and is of no use to science. A wood wall will radiate its heat more rapidly than a brick or stone, and the amateur scientist who hangs his thermometer on a wood wall can force his mercury down below the amateur who selects a brick wall. The proper way to expose your thermometer is to surround it with a light wood frame, covered with slats, like shutter work, and roofed over. This will protect it from the direct rays of the sun and reflected heat. Run a light wood bar across the centre of your shelter, to which you can attach the thermometer, which should be, when properly exposed, on the north side of the building, and at least one foot from all surrounding objects. If these directions are followed, erroneous reports of extreme cold weather will not find their way into print so often. It is not a very funny thing for the press to report twenty five degrees below zero, when fifteen degrees represented the true temperature of the circulating air. It gives persons abroad wrong impressions of your climate.

—

PROBABLY nine-tenths of the whisky and wine drinkers of the country are ignorant of the nature of the exhilarating fluids which they put into their mouths "to steal away their brains." This inference is based upon the accepted fact that nine tenths of the whisky sold over the bars of the saloons of the country has never been distilled, and has, therefore, never rested within the portals of bonded warehouse; but, on the contrary, has been manufactured to order from spirits and essences. There are in reality two grand divisions of the popular intoxicating beverages. The first is composed of the pure hand made liquors which have been manufactured with extreme care, have been stored for the allotted time in the bonded warehouse, which are free from fusel oil and deleterious substances, which are declared to be wholesome and health promoting. The second is composed of the liquors sold principally in the middle and lower class saloons, which are manufactured with a spirit basis of drugs and chemicals, and which are declared by some to be decidedly unwholesome and injurious to the human organism, while others hold an opposite opinion of their effects. These two divisions are separate and distinct in themselves, and bear only the most remote relation to each other.

—

A RAILROAD is to be built on ice in Russia. Cronstadt is five miles from the coast, and eighteen from the capital. In the summer communication is easily and cheaply maintained by means of steamers, but when the Gulf of Finland becomes coated with ice, Cronstadt has to depend for transport to and from the island upon a number of rough little sledges, never trustworthy and always dear. The inconvenience of this system has led the Baltic Railway Company to obtain permission of the Government to throw a light line of rails across the ice to the island. The undertaking is not beset with any serious obstacles, and it is believed that it can be successfully accomplished in eight or nine days. As soon as the ice is reported sufficiently strong by the engineers, gangs of laborers will proceed to lay down sleepers on the flat frozen surface, freezing them into position by a few buckets of water. The rails will then be fixed on, and light trains will convey passengers and good direct to their destination. The only real difficulty about the enterprise is the ability of the ice to support heavy weights, but as it is rarely less than a yard thick in this quarter of the Gulf of Finland, and is supported at intervals by sandbanks the engineers themselves anticipate no trouble on this score.

FOUND OF THEM THAT SOUGHT HIM NOT.

BY J. G. BARLE.

I will arise and to my Father go;
This very hour the journey is begun.
I start to reach the blissful goal, and, lo!
My spirit at one bound her race has run;
For seeking God and finding Him are one.
He feeds the rillets that towards Him flow;
It is the Father who first seeks the son,
And moves all heavenward movement, swift or slow.
I dare not pride myself on finding Him;
I dare not say a single step was mine.
His was the vigor in the palsied limb—
His the electric fire along the line;
When drowning, his the untaught power to swim—
Float o'er the surge, and grasp the rock divine.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED)

AH, I must speak to them," he thought, though the aspect of the gloomy trio was not very inviting. He advanced to the door of the carriage, with an air of sincere and profound respect and sympathy, that was grateful to the proud countess.

"I am happy to see you, Colonel Harcourt," she said, in her frigid tone, which appeared to express anything but pleasure "It is a long time—at least it appears a long time—since we met; but then sorrow is always tedious; the hours are but a continuity of suffering."

"I can easily imagine it," said the colonel, respectfully; "such a loss is not to be easily forgotten."

"Loss,—forgotten?" she repeated, with a look of such deep anguish, that it touched the heart of the kindly officer. "Colonel Harcourt, you cannot imagine what she was to us,—the most perfect of children, the most pure and lovely of her sex to all else. And then the suddenness of the blow,—one minute full of life and health and happiness, the next dead!"

Colonel Harcourt took the old lady's hand, and pressed it respectfully—words could so little avail in such grief as hers.

"Ah, you remember her, colonel. You appreciate her better, perhaps, than your friend."

"Dear Lady St. Clair," said Colonel Harcourt, "do my friend justice. He knew she was an angel, only too good for mortal man"

"Where is he?" she asked.

"I do not know," replied Colonel Harcourt "He went to Paris, I believe, and I have only had one brief letter from him since."

"Ah, he is not here even now," said the old lady, bitterly, glancing sternly at the apparently unconscious Isabel, and dropping her voice to a whisper; "but he shall not have her, colonel. I will not have our darling's place filled in that way. When the earl is gone, (who is a perfect wreck you see,) then we cannot help it, but no one shall stand in our sweet child's place so long as we have the power to prevent it."

"Lord St. Clair is not better, I fear," observed the colonel.

"He is a perfect wreck," said the lady, "with only one idea, that his darling is not dead, but only absent, and will return. He insists on placing her favorite flowers before him every day. It seems like a relic, an association, that brings her nearer to him-self; and no one will ever fill her place—do you understand?"

"I do indeed, and can well sympathize with the feeling," said Colonel Harcourt, reverently.

"I believe and I thank you," said the countess. "We are at Claridge's Hotel, colonel, for the best advice in London for the earl. We shall be very happy to see you I can see you have a heart, and could appreciate my darling. Good morning."

Colonel Harcourt raised his hat, and bowed as reverently as to a crowned head. Then he gave a polite, but less profound bow to Isabel Lisle, a useless reverential salute to the unconscious earl, and walked away.

From that day Colonel Harcourt was continually stumbling against the sorrowing grandparents of the lost Blanche. Whether it was that his official duties took him into their neighborhood, or from an involuntary attraction the venerable mourners possessed for the kindly officer, can scarcely be decided; but so it was, and at last even the invalid and half-unconscious earl began to look for the frank kind face of the true-hearted soldier as a sort of variety and relief from the sad monotony of his daily life.

At last the colonel's visits became a diurnal duty; he would call in the afternoon, when the earl had had the simple noonday meal that was his sole dinner, and wait till the carriage came round for the drive, or else come in after his return, and remain during the more elaborate meal of the countess and Isabel.

Isabel Lisle was, however, a somewhat silent member of the trio. Her manners to Colonel Harcourt were polite, nay, attentive, but there was something between them that bespoke at once once a consciousness of distrust and constraint.

Isabel had a full conviction that the friend of her lover had no great predilection for her handsome self, and Colonel Harcourt had an equal impression that his friend's infatuation for the beautiful Isabel had had some mysterious connection with the fate of the young and lovely Blanche. And thus, by a tacit understanding between them appeared to avoid each other. Isabel gladly yielded her place in the carriage, her seat at the countess's side to the stranger; and Colonel Harcourt infinitely preferred the society of the venerable pair, all infirm as they were, to the companionship of Isabel Lisle.

It was on one of these occasions, when Lord St. Clair was removed by his old and faithful servant to his own apartments for his usual after-dinner nap, and the fair Isabel had left the drawing-room on some casual pretext, that Lady St. Clair returned to the subject uppermost in her thoughts.

"When my baby boy died, Colonel Harcourt," she said, "and when I, a comparatively young and haughty woman, had lost the happiness and prestige of becoming the mother of the heir of St. Clair, and when the daughter of my husband, whom I had taught myself to love, and to take pride in as my own—when, I say, that misguided girl left her home and allied herself to—— what turned out to be misery and disgrace and death, I felt as if a death blow had been dealt me; but it was nothing to this—nothing to this. My boy was a babe of a few hours old, and he had chiefly a claim on me as perpetuating the name of St. Clair. Lady Cecily had always been a weak, and, I must say, unworthy scion of the house of St Clair. But now the loss of this girl and such a girl! You could not have imagined that she was the daughter of a timid, weak, easily led woman, and an unscrupulous, daringly insolent man. She had the true blood of St Clair in her veins, and with all the pride and the self respect, and yet none of the wilfulness, of the race. I cannot remember that she ever committed a wilful fault Thoughtless and inconsiderate she might have been at times, and full of life and vivacity when we were alone; but so exquisitely conscientious so dutifully obedient. She was really the most loving, affectionate creature in the world. A heart, colonel!—yes, she had a heart; and that is not what every one can boast. There is my grand niece, Isabel Lisle, a very brilliant and attractive girl no doubt but she, though far more demonstrative and caressing in her manner to me and to her uncle, had no more heart than the necklace on her bosom."

"We will hope you are mistaken, dear lady, though I can understand and in a great measure agree with your judgment of the two young ladies in question," said Colonel Harcourt, smilingly "Still I must say, that my idea of Miss Lisle is rather that her feelings and passions are strong and impetuous, than so icy cold as you imagine"

"Passions!—yes, colonel, but that is very different from a heart," replied the countess. "She is unworthy of succeeding to the heritage of my poor Blanche, and, were it possible, I am sure the earl would alter his will, and leave all that he could away from his grand neice to me, with discretion as to the way in which it was to be left. But as it is, the whole goes to his sister, Lady Margerie, Isabel's mother, except my jointure and a legacy to myself, and after her death to Isabel; that is, the title and entailed estates will certainly be her daughter's, and I suppose the rest also, unless the girl is foolish enough to offend her, which I do not expect."

Colonel Harcourt listened to her attentively.

"And nothing to my friend, Pelham, I suppose?"

"It was supposed that all would eventually be his as my poor Blanche's husband," she replied. "But when he left St. Clair, after that miserable night, the earl enclosed in a letter a cheque sufficient to pay his pressing debts, and that I gave him."

"It was a noble, generous act," said Colonel Harcourt; "and I know my friend well enough to feel sure he would appreciate it."

"Ah, he needed it, I doubt not," said the countess; "and I tell you one reason why I gave it to him was, first, because he had been the chosen bridegroom for my poor Blanche, and thus, in a manner, connected with her; and next, because I wanted to put the temptation out of his way, to try to marry Isabel Lisle. She wants him, I know, and she wants every sixpence of the property,—and so does her mother; and if they could put me out of the way, they might manage it,—but not while I live, colonel."

The colonel winced,—he knew too perfectly his friend's passion for Miss Lisle to be able to deny such a suspicion or probability.

"Yes," continued the countess,—"and I will tell you, colonel, one reason why I bring Isabel here with me, and appear to entertain plans for her, is partly to blind her mother of my intentions. She wants me to marry her to Sir Rupert—to place her at once in the room of my dear Blanche; but she is mistaken, colonel, grievously mistaken."

Colonel Harcourt remained silent for a few moments, then he spoke rather abruptly.

"You remember Miss St Clair's demeanor on that unhappy day?" he said,—"a strange look on her beautiful face,—a vagueness, if I may so describe it?"

"Could I forget anything connected with that day?" returned the countess. "I remember distinctly that she seemed in a sort of dream,—a trance,—scarcely conscious of all that was passing round her, although in full possession of all her bodily powers. It was very singular."

Again the colonel fell into deep thought, so continuing for a few moments. Presently he asked if the countess had ever mentioned the matter to any one of her family.

"To Margerie," was Lady St. Clair's reply.

"And Lady Margerie—what did she say or think on that point?" asked Colonel Harcourt.

"She thought," said Lady St Clair, "that it was nothing more than a little preoccupation, resulting from the circumstances of the moment. Blanche, although one of the gayest of the gay, was a thoughtful child, and looked on marriages as an important and responsible act; she took a grave view of the matter, and Margerie imputed her abstraction to those notions"

"I do not agree with Lady Margerie," said the colonel, hotly. "No grave thoughts would procure that peculiar abstraction. If I mistake not, a physical cause existed for that physical effect. Lady St. Clair, it is my firm belief that she had been drugged."

"Poisoned, you would say," added lady St. Clair, calmly, as though the horrid notion were no new thought to her. "But by whom? and wherefore? There are improbabilities in the suggestion, colonel, and difficulties too. If poison had been given to her, where was the motive? The question, too, is useless now, and an investigation into the past could only be needless pain."

"Scarcely," replied the colonel. "Not to investigate, is to allow the guilty to go unpunished."

"Unpunished!" remarked the countess, sternly. "Do you think, then, colonel, that the punishment of crime depends on its discovery? Trust me, the punishment is often sharper within than without; and undiscovered crime is a heavier weight to bear than any penalty the law can impose."

"True," he replied; "but for the sake of society, crime, where suspected, should be traced, and, if possible, exposed. You will agree with me there?"

She paused for a few moments, then she replied—

"Yes; and were I sure my darling had been unfairly dealt with,—were I sure, I say, I would hunt her enemy—for an enemy only could have done it—to the death!"

She spoke firmly and impressively; and as Colonel Harcourt looked at her, he felt that she would indeed be a formidable foe to deal with. Her vengence would be dreadful. But the more he listened, and the more he thought, the greater became his conviction that the young bride of his friend had been unfairly dealt with; and if so, as the countess had said, by whom? Only one person could really be interested in her death; only one person would be materially a gainer by the event. As thus he thought, link after link was added to the chain of evidence, until, like a cable, it would round the self-reliant and determined Lady Margerie Lisle.

"Colonel Harcourt," said the countess, breaking in with startling abruptness on the abstraction of the colonel, as she turned the conversation suddenly, "will you accompany us to an Exhibition of Statuary to morrow?"

"With pleasure," he replied, and there was no small surprise in his tone.

"You wonder at my caring for such vanities," she resumed, "and usually I am quite indifferent to anything of the sort; but I am told there is a bust so like my darling Blanche, that I am anxious to see it, and, if possible, to purchase it."

"I shall be most happy," said Colonel Harcourt. "At what time do you propose going?"

"Oh, the usual time," she replied; "when Lord St Clair has dined. About three, if that will suit you."

"I would recommend earlier, if possible," said the colonel; "the days are so short now."

"It matters little," said the countess. "I only want to see that one object. But come if you will sooner, it matters little to me."

The colonel promised willingly, and what was more, he kept his promise.

On the following day, about quarter before three, the carriage was at the door, and soon after, the earl and countess, Isabel and the colonel, entered it and drove away.

The first point of the drive was the exhibition, and when there the countess took the colonel's arm to alight.

Isabel also expressed a wish to get out, but the countess peremptorily stopped its expression.

"Impossible, Isabel," she said; "you must remain with your uncle. You can visit the exhibition another time."

Isabel would fain have remonstrated, but the countess was peremptory, and they quitted the carriage and entered the building.

The countess hurried through the rooms with a certain and assured step, that showed she had a tolerably accurate idea of the position of the bust in question, and at last arrived in the room, where the reputed likeness stood. It was a head, called in the catalogue "The Bride," and attracted universal admiration and surprise It was a classic and noble face, shaded by an exquisitely imitation veil of fine point lace, the light texture wandering over the hair and pendant flowers, and the sloping shoulders. In front, the bust and so much as was included in the finely moulded arms, was covered with a vesture of extreme simplicity, of a texture that was perfectly pliant to the shape, among the soft folds of which hung a large ornament, confined by a ribbon The ornate treatment of the head, and the breadth and simplicity of the bust, made an admired and singularly fine contrast, even where no especial interest excited the admiration of the spectator

The countess stood before it motionless and fixed. Her severe features wore an expression of extreme and considering surprise rather than any other softer emotion. The love for her darling, whom it so strongly resembled, was lost in the crowd of fancies that it conjured up—or rather that love gave birth to those fancies.

"Colonel Harcourt," she said, "do you perceive the likeness?"

"It is extreme—strange," was the reply.

"Still it could not be called a portrait," said the countess, accepting the chair which her companion placed for her without removing her eyes from the bust. "It is the general character, the spirit of my child's face, but not its bright, deep, changing expression. It is too solemn, too immobile, to give Blanche's true ideas. And yet the resemblance is marvellous."

"It is extraordinary," said Colonel Harcourt

"Too much so for chance," said the countess

"I should deem so certainly," replied the colonel

"And yet," continued the countess, "the name of the sculptor is one quite unknown to me."

Colonel Harcourt looked at the catalogue. Opposite the name of the bust was affixed Sir Evan Leslie.

"I inquired ere I came hither," said the countess, "who the sculptor was and where he could be found, but the only reply I could gain was that he was an amateur, that he probably would not even exhibit again, but that if I chose to leave a note for him it should be faithfully delivered though they had strict orders not to give his address without permission"

"And shall you do so?" asked Colonel Harcourt, who had listened with interest.

"Most certainly," was the reply. "I would give any money for that bust"

The lady appeared now only too eager to leave the place, to put her resolution into practice. She hastily rose and went to the office for inquiries.

"I think you said the sculptor of 'The Bride' is an amateur?" she said.

"He is, madam," was the reply.

"Can you not deviate from your usual rule, and give me his address?" she asked.

"Impossible, madam," said the official

"Perhaps you could reconsider the matter, when I give you my name," she continued. "My errand is one of importance, on which great interest and even life itself may hang. You may rely on my not making any improper use of the information and if the gentleman desires it, I would consider it strictly confidential."

She gave her card as she spoke. The official looked at it; but still hesitated.

"You may fully trust me," urged the countess. "Believe me, my motives are unactuated by any curiosity."

"I believe, and I think I can trust you, madam," said the man with respect, as he gazed at the dignified, yet agitated features of the old lady. "Nor do I fancy Sir Evan will blame me under the circumstances."

He handed the countess a card, on which he had written the name and address of Sir Evan Leslie.

"I thank you very much," was Lady St. Clair's reply as she took the card. "You will not have to fear Sir Evan's anger when he knows my reason for taking this liberty."

The man bowed, and the countess, accepting the colonel's arm, hastily left the building. The signs of deep emotion on her

countenance were plainly visible as she directed the coachman to drive to the given address. And Isabel gazed suspiciously at her as she stepped into the carriage.

Perhaps she guessed the cause of the old lady's unwonted agitation, if indeed the fame of "The Bride" had reached her ears.

Certainly, if Isabel's position was a flattering one as to the future—if it suited her and her mother to consider it as taking the place of the lost Blanche, and as acknowledgment of the future prospect of the heiress—it was still but an ungracious and dreary one for the present.

Lady St. Clair not only preserved the strict seclusion which her husband's state of health and the recent heavy loss prescribed, but she insisted on her grandniece's entire relinquishment of all society. In her daily drives she was either left with her uncle in the carriage lest some accident might befall him, or else despatched on some errand that gave her the air of a dependent and humble companion than a future countess. Isabel chafed and struggled under these restrictions and humiliations, but to no purpose. The countess was peremptory—Lady Margerie inexorable.

"Do not be a fool, child," was her remark when Isabel declared her determination not to accept the untempting invitation, or rather, "command," to accompany the Earl and Lady St. Clair. "Do you wish to undo all that has been accomplished at so much risk?"

"I cannot understand what you are aiming at, mamma," said Isabel, laughing contemptuously. "In the first place, nothing can alter my claims to the estates and title of St. Clair; and next, I do not exactly understand why you claim any merit because Blanche managed to get burnt to death on her wedding day."

"It was an awful fate after all," said Lady Margerie with a shiver; "and you should speak of it less lightly, Isabel. But it is not necessary or expedient for me to explain all my proceedings and views to a daughter scarcely yet eighteen. Be satisfied that I am right. The earl is not yet dead, and with the care and attention he is receiving, he may live many years, perhaps linger longer than he would have done had he not suffered from this attack. Till then, all depends on him, and yet more on the disposition he may make of the unentailed property, which I can remember was considerable. But in any case, Isabel, be guided, whether you understand all or not, and I will pilot you safely through the quicksands."

"Why won't you come with us, mamma?" asked Isabel.

"No, no," replied Lady Margerie, shuddering involuntarily. "They would not like it. It cannot be, Isabel. Do as I bid you. Go, and be as meek and docile and decorous in your deportment, as your cousin Blanche was in former days."

"And Rupert, mamma?" said Isabel, sullenly acquiescing.

"Well, much will depend on you, even in that respect," replied her mother. "If Sir Rupert does not forget you, or change his mind, there are reasons which make the match an eligible one, though of course the beautiful Countess of St. Clair might command any one under a prince of the blood."

Lady Margerie's eyes glistened with a sort of humid brilliancy that perplexed Isabel.

"I can scarcely doubt Rupert's constancy, mamma," she said, scornfully. "It appears that my claims are superior to his, and that I am the only one whose feelings could be questioned. Pray, what except affection should influence me in choosing him, under my altered circumstances?"

"Child, child!" said Lady Margerie, with an impatient shrug, "you are talking of what you do not, what you had better not, understand. Be thankful for your ignorance, and do what I tell you in the obedience and docile trust that you owe me. I tell you what, Isabel, you will bitterly rue the day if you do not obey me to the very letter."

Isabel did obey in the letter, if not the spirits of the commands. She went with her aged relatives. She caressed her stern grand aunt, she strove to conciliate the half-unconscious grand-uncle, and in her secret hours she——But we must not anticipate.

To return to the little scene from which we diverged.

It was with a wondering, though silent attention that Isabel watched the stern, yet working features of the countess. Girl that she was she could see that a strange and unwonted emotion, all distinct from the usual fixed, contracted, silent grief of the countess, betrayed itself in her. There was a repressed eagerness, a suppressed thought, a sort of perplexed and not altogether gloomy or unpleasant speculation in the expressive face, which Isabel could not comprehend, and did not altogether admire.

But Lady St. Clair did not speak, save in reply to some half-intelligible remark of her husband's, and the carriage rolled on till they reached Sir Evan's address. Lady St. Clair herself got out, while the footman knocked at the door, so that Isabel could not hear what name was asked of the servant who answered the summons. But the person in question was evidently at home, for the countess entered the house, and the door closed on all that could gratify Isabel's curiosity.

Lady St. Clair followed the servant to a well-furnished, but not particularly elegant or handsome drawing-room, which was at the moment empty; but ere she had time to survey much of the furniture or appointments the door opened, and a young man entered the room, of prepossessing appearance, whose whole aspect commended itself at once to the lady's mind, all haughty aristocrat as she was. We need not detain our readers by any further description of our old friend, Sir Evan Leslie, who now presented himself to the eyes of the Countess of St. Clair.

An astonished and startled look came over that lady's face at the appearance of that youthful face and figure. She had expected to see a much older man; but the courteous, though somewhat perplexed salutation of the young baronet recalled her to the sense of her position.

"You are Sir Evan Leslie, I presume?" she said, with a lofty grace that she knew well how to assume.

"I am, madam," he replied.

"And I am the Countess of St. Clair, Sir Evan, and bent on an errand that I hope may excuse my intrusion on your privacy."

Sir Evan muttered some indistinct words about the honor and pleasure, but the old lady cut him short.

"Sir Evan, I will not detain you by idle and empty courtesies," she said. "I will at once come to the point. I had a granddaughter, Sir Evan."

The young man bowed.

"One young and beautiful," she continued, "suddenly snatched from me by death, and strangely like your beautiful bust, of 'The Bride.'"

Sir Evan's face changed; anything relating to that bust was strangely interesting to him.

"Of course," the lady went on, "it must be an accident. Were you ever in the Isle of Wight, Sir Evan?"

"Never, Lady St. Clair," he replied.

"It is strange,—very strange," she said. "Then you could not have seen my darling, for she never left the island from the early infancy when she was first brought to the Castle, till her death."

"In that case it must indeed have been an impossibility," said the young man more and more interested.

"And yet," resumed the countess, "I cannot comprehend it. Not only have you the very traits of my grand-daughter's features, but the drapery is of so peculiar a cast. My grand daughter wore such a robe from infancy; but how could you know that?"

"It is drapery in the abstract," replied Sir Evan.

"Drapery in the abstract!" repeated the countess. "And that ornament, was that in the abstract?"

"I have one, its precise counterpart," he replied.

Again the countess gave a quick, sharp look, but Sir Evan's unmoved countenance baffled even her penetrating eyes. Presently she resumed, in a more calm tone.

"Pardon me, Sir Evan, I am not brought here by idle curiosity," she said, or by any wish to puzzle or annoy you. But I have just seen the bust you have in the exhibition; I learnt that it was not for sale; and only on the most earnest entreaty would the official give your name and address to me. I was told that the answer they were instructed to give to numerous applications, was simply this, 'that money would not buy that bust.'"

"Perfectly true," was the reply.

"I am well content that it should be so," said the countess; "but Sir Evan, under the circumstances, I trust you will make an exception in my favor. I assure you that bust is the very image of my deceased grandchild,—at least as much as the inanimate marble can resemble a living girl, and far more than I could have expected even from one who had known and studied her features. Now, what I do ask, is, not to purchase it as a mere patron of art, but as a priceless obligation to bereaved mourners, and to be remunerated in any way and by whatever mode you choose."

The young man's mien was somewhat proud as he replied, "I cannot sell that bust, madam; but," he added, with a look of genuine kindness, "I will ask your acceptance of the counterpart, as you appear so deeply interested in it."

"I will not press you further, sir," said the countess, deeply touched; "I know your feelings, and I will not insult you by any mere mercenary offer, which you neither would nor could accept. But I am going to entreat of you a far greater favor. I do not of course know you, but I am perhaps warranted in supposing that you would not have executed that exquisite bust and exposed it in the exhibition, had you not for some reason studied and cultivated the art to a great extent; therefore I throw myself on your courtesy and indulgence to pardon and grant the favor I am about to ask."

"Lady St. Clair," began Sir Evan, deprecatingly.

"Nay," she interrupted, "hear me out, Sir Evan. I am little used to ask favors, far more accustomed to grant them; but the very heart's blood has been taken from me in the bereavement we have suffered, and I am humble, patient, and lowly where she is concerned. Sir Evan, an old man, proud, stern, as the haughtiest nobles of his race, has been sorely stricken in the terrible blow of our darling's death. For me, I live but to honor her memory; and it may be to avenge her wrongs. In the name of both I entreat of you that you will soothe and comfort our feelings by giving the aid of your genius in perpetuating our child's noble face and bearing."

"Madam," said he, "I have already offered——"

"No, no, that cannot be," said the countess; "and, what is more, it is not all that I want. We are about to erect a monument to our beautiful child. Sir Evan, I cannot be content, unless it is your hand that creates the living image of her dead self."

Sir Evan started at this singular request.

"Pardon me, Sir Evan," said the countess, noticing the start, and the sudden flushing of the young man's face. "Pardon an old woman, whose very soul is wrapped up in the memory of her of whom that is the living image—I only desired to look on the features of one who so resembled my lost Blanche—but is that the likeness of one you love?"

Again the young man started.

"Lady St. Clair," he said, "that is, I confess, moulded from the face of one who is more admired by, and dearer to me than any other woman; but if you speak of the ordinary man for a living, and free, and disengaged woman, such love is not for me to feel for the original, who inspired that bust."

"But you have known her!—you have conversed with her?" said the countess, eagerly.

"I have," he replied.

"And you say you have never been in the island where my child's short life was passed?"

"Never," he replied.

The aged features lost the glow that had brought a trace of former bloom and brightness on the withered face.

"Then it cannot be," she said. "I am mad to dream it."

There was a pause, and then the countess resumed.

"At least, Sir Evan, I presume that the deepest interest of your heart is in the lady who inspired the bust in question?" she said.

"True, madam," said he; "and I confess it with pride."

"But still, you could not procure me a glimpse of features that it would gladden my heart to look upon?" said the countess.

"Impossible; I myself could scarcely obtain a glance of them at this moment," was his reply, in a tone of deep and earnest feeling; "would that I could."

"I thank you from my heart," said the countess, "for your kindly feeling. But—well, well, we will not enter on terms, for I see the subject is painful. You shall tell me now to remunerate some day, Sir Evan; "I may not beg a valuable gift from one who now, in point of time, stands as a stranger to me."

"Let it rest, dear lady," said Sir Evan, as he took her hand. "Let it rest. If you have half of the pleasure in looking at the statue, that I shall have in executing it, my reward will be paid. Only let me know the style of figure you want, and with truth I can declare it will be the greatest pleasure to me to do my best."

The countess then explained her wishes to him, falteringly at times, as the memory of her lost darling returned to her. Sir Evan listened to her anxiously, and, as she proceeded, wonderingly. He had executed the bust of the injured Violet first from a loving fancy, then as a splendid and favorite work of art, and finally placed it before the public, with the vague hope that it might lead to the discovery of the relatives whom Violet so steadfastly refused to acknowledge; but he little anticipated the speedy results of the difficulties and anxieties to which it would lead.

Perhaps, after all, Sir Evan's heart would have been less malleable to the power of that aged woman, had not a wild suspicion darted into his mind. Could it be possible that the grandchild of whom Lady St. Clair spoke, and the Violet of his day-dreams, were one and the same person? Some circumstances favored,—others seemed entirely to repudiate the notion. The name was different, the name of the place of abode so different also. Then, too, the deep anxiety and devoted love of the aged countess did not tally with Violet's repugnance to informing them of her residence, and dread even that they should know of her life; while, in contradistinction again was the identity as to time, the strange resemblance, and other minor points. The whole affair was an enigma, which he tried in vain to solve; but now he had the statue to think about, and a very pleasant subject for meditation he found it. The dwelling on and carving that lovely face was, in itself, a labor of love, to say nothing of the comfort of affording consolation to that aged and sorely-stricken lady.

Sir Evan paused as he thought of all this. Then in a matter of fact and professional manner he proceeded to discuss the size and style of the required statue. At length all was arranged and decided on.

"And when will you execute it? What time will you require for its completion?" asked the countess as she rose to take her departure.

"Say rather, when will you begin it?" replied Sir Evan, with a smile. "Such a work as I have to present to you, is neither arranged nor 'thought out,' to coin a term, in a day."

"I agree with you," said the countess, with a sigh. "Pardon my impatience, my dear sir, it springs from my great love for her; pardon me."

"I will not delay, I assure you," answered Sir Evan, with a smile. "I may be better able to tell you how long it will take me, but now it is impossible."

"It must be so, then," said the countess, rising. "If I can trust you with such a work, Sir Evan, I can trust you with the time that it requires. In a month I will see you again." She was at the door, then she turned suddenly. "Sir Evan, will you visit us? It would be a real blessing and comfort to the earl and myself."

Sir Evan hesitated, ere he replied. "When I have the honor of seeing you again, Lady St. Clair, we will speak of it. At present I need solitude to carry out my ideas, and it might be that even the remarks you and the earl might casually let fall, would only derange my more abstracted ideas of your grandchild."

"It is Providence," said the countess, holding out her hand, "that led me to you, Sir Evan. You are worthy in every sense to be the artist to perpetuate the form and memory of our loved Blanche."

Sir Evan would have led the old lady to the door, but she declined his aid.

"No, Sir Evan," she said, "better not. My visit to you is at present a secret, and the appearance of a young and handsome young man would agitate the earl, who is sleeping quietly in the carriage, while my grandniece is reading a novel, and might mistake you for the hero. Good day, Sir Evan. In a month I will see you again."

The strange old lady descended the stairs with the activity of fifty years before, and had entered the carriage and driven off before Sir Evan had fully recovered the surprise he felt; but when the whole drama had been fairly finished, the countess gone, the splended equipage out of sight, then he began to really comprehend, for the first time, the real and strange significance of what had taken place. The more he considered it, the more he felt certain that there was a singular coincidence, if not actual identity, between the fair heroine of his own romance and the grand daughter of his stately visitant.

Was it likely, was it possible, that two such occurrence should happen in one short period of time,—that two young creatures so similar in appearance, in face, and as it seemed to him, in character also, should exist in such near proximity to each other? It was a perplexity: and Sir Evan mused long and wonderingly over it.

"If I did but really know the spot where that lovely Violet has hidden herself," he muttered. "Perhaps I guess—yes, I have a shrewd idea, but no certainty. I believe that Harper knows; but she is more faithful to her new favorite than her old master, and will not deny or confirm my suspicions; and to insist on her breaking a promise, or to hunt out the retreat so carefully hidden, would be unmanly—wrong."

Sir Evan sat musing for a time; then he resumed his unconscious self-communing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TURKISH DINNER PARTY.—Unless you look sharp you are apt to come in for a meagre share of viands; for the good things are no sooner served than the servant almost immediately whips them off again, no culinary preparation, however excellent, being thought worthy of being partaken of more than in two successive spoonfuls. Dish follows dish, and platter follows platter, in quick succession. The best compliment you can pay your neighbor at dinner is, to tear some tit bit off a fowl, or a leg of mutton, and put it into his plate. During dinner, water in a crystal cup was handed to such as asked for it; and as soon as dinner was over, everybody rinsed his hands and mouth, when pipes were introduced. Coffee and smoking end the meal.

Longfellow designs are now affected by the Boston people in decorative objects. Longfellow jugs, Longfellow pitchers and Longfellow cards are seen in many of the shop windows.

New Publications.

Among the contents of Morford's New Monthly Magazine are: "Notices Ancient & Lively;" "Music and Architecture;" "Human Claims," "Kinship to Kangaroos;" Lady Blessington's "Americans in Venice;" "My Christmas Revenge;" "The Wedding-Day;" "Annette," "Irregular Women," "A Model Tenement," "Great Poems of the Century;" "Good-Natured Cap and Feed," and others, besides the regular monthly miscellaneous departments. Included in the contributors to this number are John Hay Furness, Henry Morford, Mrs. E. C. Murray, Lucia C. Stanton, Charles Adams Watkins, Lew Rose, Walter Pyeroft, Ezra, Josh Perkins, etc. 9 Cents a Number, etc. There are also several very fine engravings. Henry Morford, publisher, New York.

Appleton's Journal for February has a rich and varied table of contents, including criticism, romance and essay. The second instalment of Erckmann-Chatrian's novelette, "The Veterans of Yesterday," and a very effective sketch by Rudolph Lindau, entitled, "A Deadly Feud," give to the department of romance an unusual interest. Miss Bird's "Wanderings in Japan," Rhoda Broughton's "Cometh up as a Flower," and Jennings' "Parliamentary Anecdotes," are the books selected for lengthy discussion. Then, in the department of essay we have "Rambles Among Books" — "Sonnets," by the late Leslie Stephen; "Decorative Decorations," by Grant Allen; "Shakespeare's Francesca;" and "Music," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. A paper on "The Irish Land Question;" one on "Buddhists and Buddhism in Burmah;" and one on "The Photophone," come under the classification of articles of information. "Notes for Readers," the new editorial department, is interesting, and "The Editor's Table" is, as usual, suggestive and valuable, the topics being, "Alleged Decline in the Handicrafts," "Recent Art in Book-binding," "American Wood-Engraving," and "American Physical Type." D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

Lippincott's Magazine for February is the second number of the new series, and gives most satisfactory evidence of the improvements promised at the time of the change. "Down the Red River of the North," by Alice Ilgenfritz, is a sprightly and profusely illustrated sketch of a trip through the province of Manitoba. In "A Celestial Colony" a graphic description is given, by C. Baldwin, of that part of San Francisco known as Chinatown, with an account of the life of its Chinese inhabitants. The interest of the paper is enhanced by several very good illustrations. Fiction is attractively and liberally represented by the serial, "Lilith," which is continued with increasing interest, and three capital short stories, viz: "Monsieur Paul's Heroism," by Louise S. Houghton; "The Konzaccas," by Vera Lapoukhyne; and "A Mid-winter Romance," by L. K. Black. The more solid articles of the number—although none can be called heavy—are an admirable description of "Wood Women," by Witt Sykes, and discussion, under the title of "Power-Centres," by an Ohio journalist, of the various types of journalism, an able criticism of Sarah Bernhardt in her various characters, by M. G. Van Rensselaer, and "Among the Cherokees," an account of that prominent tribe, with observations made during a visit, by A. M. Williams. A bright sketch entitled "A Country Tavern in Winter," by Mary Dean, two short-story poems, with the usual variety of Monthly Gossip and Literary Criticisms, form the balance of a well-filled number of this justly popular magazine.

The North American Review for February is the literary phenomenon of the month. First we have an earnest and patriotic article by General Grant, advocating the Nicaragua Canal project. The genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Oliver Wendell Holmes, follows with an essay entitled, "The Pulpit and the Pew," written in the best spirit of the Christian philosopher, in which he endeavors to show the need that he believes to exist for a revision of the present theological creeds. Under the quaint title of Aaron's Rod in Politics, Judge Tourgee emphasizes the obligation imposed upon the Republican party by the Chicago platform, of making provision for educating illiterate voters. James Freeman Clarke makes a valuable contribution to the discussion of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. The views that may result from the recent election of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court are pointed out by Senator John T. Morgan. The sixth of Mr. Charnay's papers on the "Ruins of Central America," is devoted to a description of the Pyramids of Cholula, which must rank among the most stupendous mounds ever erected by man. Finally, Walt Whitman writes of "The Poetry of the Future." The Review is sold by booksellers generally.

"Golden Fritzes," a beautiful new waltz, by Eduard Holst. This waltz has been said by musical critics to be the latest and best of the Professor's productions. Lovers of the art, and students, will bear with satisfaction of the artist's success. The work has been appropriately dedicated to his friend, Mr. H. D. Chamberlain, a connoisseur of art. Mr. Chamberlain is the manager of the Advertising Department of A. Voegler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., and will be his impartially and faithfully exhibited for many years. The distinguished commendation of his nature is the happy combination of a lot of extraordinary intellectual activities and his wonderful aptitude in dealing with the press. Long training enables him to concentrate his powers of effectiveness, which are original with him, and the corner-stone of the grand success of the great German Remedy, St. Jacob's Oil.

A Hindoo Letter.—In external appearance and communication of expressions, a Hindoo letter is worthy of notice. It is written on a palm leaf, with an iron stile, four to six inches long, and sharp-pointed at the end. In writing, neither desk nor table is needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The right hand does not, as with us, move along from left to right, beginning a few words, the writer fixes the point of the iron in the last letter and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish his line. This becomes so easy by long practice, that one often sees a Hindoo writing as he walks the street. As this species of penmanship is but a kind of faint engraving, the strokes of which are indistinct, they make the character legible by pressing the leaf with ink. A letter is generally finished on a single leaf, which is then enveloped in a second, whereon is written the address. In communicating the decease of a relative, the custom is to singe the point of the leaf upon which the sad news is written. When a superior writes to an inferior, he puts his own name before that of the person to whom he writes, and the reverse when he writes to a superior.

Oak, Caroline, fir yew I pine!
O, willow, will you not be mine?
Thy hazel eyes, thy tulips red,
Thy ways, all larch, have turned my head;
All linden shadows by the gate
I cypress on my heart and wait;
Then gum! beech cherished Caroline,
We'll fly for elms of bliss divine.

O, spruce young man! I cedar plan —
Catalpa's money if you can;
You summach ash, but not my heart;
You're evergreen, so now depart;
You'd like to poplar—that I see—
Birch you walnut propose to me.
Here's pa! you'll see hemlock the gate;
He maple-litely say "'Tis late."

Locust that lovyer, while he flew
For elms before that parents shoe;
He little thought a dogwood bite,
And make him balsam much that night.
Hawthorney path he traveled o'er,
And he was sick and sycamore.

The World of Humor.

Base drums should be sold by the pound.

A "fast" man runs quickly through a fortune.

The most precious canine is a diamond setter.

Some men are too tender-hearted to strike [illegible]

The railroad flagman does a flourishing [illegible]

In a war of words the dictionary gets the best of it.

Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry, or a vestry?

The astronomer's favorite pastime—Shooting stars.

A standing nuisance—The fellow on the curbstone.

If you want to make up for lost time buy another watch.

Eyes are not eyes when cigar-smoke [illegible]

Plumbers are wearing seal-skin caps and living on venison.

Cattle earn their daily bread in the summer by the sweat of their browse.

Why are tall people more lazy than short people? Because they lie longer in bed.

A boy can pull four times more weight in boys on a sled than he can coal from the back yard.

What is the difference between a fixed star and a meteor? One is a sun, the other a [illegible]

Shakspere knew all about doctors. He said: "How poor are they that have not patience."

A small boy, five years old: "Oh, mother, it's so hot; I'm half a little oven and half a little pond."

To prevent the kitchen door from screaking, get a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her.

Did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? You didn't! Then you had better get a little gal-an-try.

A man who has ridden in a country stage-coach knows how cream feels when it is being churned into butter.

Did you ever see a lion, by the way, that was not bearded in his den, provided, of course, he was bearded anywhere?

No tramp will go away empty-handed from the good man's door. Not if he can reach an overcoat from the good man's hall-[illegible]

A recent writer says "there is no elevation without merit." He probably does not refer to some of the public buildings in this country.

At a recent silver wedding in Washington a cake baked for the original ceremony, twenty-five years ago, was served. They cut it with a rip-saw.

A clergyman compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the vast animal from the phenomena of the hide.

"Hang the newspapers; why can't they leave such items out?" exclaimed an undertaker, when he read an article warning people not to eat green fruit.

A young lady was asked recently how she could possibly afford, in these hard times, to take music lessons. "Oh," said she, "I confine myself to the lowest notes."

A vender of universal medicine declares that if his prescription be followed literally, a cure is certain. This medicine is to be taken internally, externally, and eternally.

In Ireland, when they hear of a sharp fellow, they say he is as 'cute as a fox of Ballybotherthem, which used to read the papers every morning to see where the hounds were [illegible]

A book-binder had a book brought him to be re-bound. After the job was finished he made the following entry in his day-book: "To repairing the 'Way to Heaven,' twenty-five cents."

The proof of the adage that time is money, is found in the fact that times change.

The plumber is the one friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and he sticketh you for a good deal more than a real good brother would.

"Every cloud has a silver lining." But that is no consolation, after all, when you reflect that things are never worn with the lining side out.

There is a lady who will not permit her children to eat anything of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear it might make them savage.

Paradox is not what you may consider an intemperate man, by any means, but he calls on the old lady, once in a while, for the bootjack to draw his hat off with.

"Mercy!" exclaimed an old lady, on first seeing an engraving of the passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel—"mercy! what a family the man had"

Many physicians claim that intemperance is a disease. It must be contagious, then; at any rate, a man who gets drunk usually catches it when he gets home.

To ascertain the momentum of a mad bull: Multiply his weight by his horns, and that by the square root of the tin-pan fastened to his tail. The quotient will be the answer.

An exchange asks "why so many mothers go on journeys with their infants in their arms?" Does our cotemporary expect that mothers will carry their babies in carpet-bags?

"At a recent wedding," according to a Western paper, "the bride walked on the arm of her father." We fancy the bridegroom must have been alarmed to see such an acrobatic performance.

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can't see your ears."

A red-headed man recently attended a masquerade, wrapped from his head to his heels in a brown cloth, and with his head bare. It was meant that he should represent a lighted cigar.

An Irishman, on being asked why there was no record or trace of any of his race being found in Noah's Ark, replied that all his countrymen at that time were very rich, and had boats of their own.

"Well I have done one good deed today," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. "I have given a poor, deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about. "How do you think it fits?"

In Alabama a farmer very recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, and gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to cramps, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

The Kansas newspapers declare that a physician in that State narrowly escaped lynching, because he invented a compound that would instantly sober a drunken man. Public sentiment was against anything that tended to cause a waste of liquor.

A wag circulated a report that a certain rich old farmer had been "running rapidly through his property." The farmer called on him to "retract the slander," when the joker said he saw him "running through his property" with a brindle bull after him.

The farmer's lad now hustles around and gets his chores out of the way early in the evening, and, arraying himself in his Sunday-go-to-meeting ready-made, leads a life of reckless enjoyment at candy-pulls, where all the girls sit in groups in the corner and snicker.

"Is swinging healthy?" asks a young lady. It is, under some circumstances. But if the rope breaks, the pastime is not only unhealthy, but dangerous. We are always glad to extend to the young and inexperienced the knowledge attained by years of experience.

There stands the mince pie; here sits the man. The former is intact, the latter smiling and amiable. Time passes. The pie has disappeared, but the man is still there. But where is the smile and the appearance of amiability? Alas! they have disappeared—with the pie.

A young lady and her father were looking at a druggist, who was very nicely balancing the delicate little scales on which the prescription was being weighed. "How precise! how fine! how little!" said the daughter. "Yes," said the father, "but he will not do so with the bill."

Fair skin, rosy cheeks, buoyant spirits and the sweetest breath in Hop Bitters. See [illegible]

"What department do you preside over, madam?" asked an inspector of an elderly woman in a public institution. "Oh, I'm queen of the bawl-room," said she, with a smirk—"that is, I'm head nurse," she added, by way of explanation.

There is one good thing about this electric light. When a man's collar-button gets away from him and starts off on an exploring expedition across the room, he can look under the bureau for it without resorting to the dangerous and unsatisfactory expedient of laying a glass kerosene lamp down on its side on the floor.

Women have cheek enough to wear men's hats on their heads, but there is one thing they dare not do. Not one of them dares to remove her hat in public and dust off the bald [illegible]

If the speculator misses his aim, everybody cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

"I see that you are out under arms today, captain," said Bilks, yesterday, to jolly old Captain Buzzleton, who was attending to the out-door affairs about his premises, in an old coat somewhat torn in the armpits.

"Shure I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will," said Pat; "whin he died he ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and so he did—for he took the insoide av the shanty himself, and gave me the outsoide."

An Irishman recently handed in to a telegraph office a despatch intended to inform another Emeraldier, employed upon the works in a neighboring city, of the decease of a friend. It read thus: "Barney, come home; I died last night."

A story is told of a down-east tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said, "I am sorry—very sorry, indeed, that I can't pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry; but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit."

"We have a span of horses," said the economic the other day, "on our farm that support themselves without any cost." "Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener. "Why, you see," remarked the questioned, "one is a saw-horse and the other a clothes-horse."

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easily enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did, but how?" "I guess you'd a lost yourn if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question." "Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off or else steal the trap."

A gentleman once conversing in the company of ladies, and criticizing rather severely the want of personal beauty of other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked: "They are the ugliest women I know;" and then, with extraordinary politeness, added, "present company always excepted."

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Restores Gray Hair. Madame Wambold's Specific restores gray hair to its original color without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Canvassers Make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured with Hop Bitters. Read advertisement.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Sleep, Appetite, and Strength

Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
HUMPHREYS' [illegible] Weakness and Prostration from over work or [illegible] HOMEOPATHIC is radically cured by [illegible] SPECIFIC No. 28.

Our Young Folks.

NO THUMBS.

BY HATTIE A. FIELD.

"IT is a stupid thing with only four fingers and no thumb. I liked its face at first, but now I don't care the least about it." And flop went Miss Flora Sophia on the floor.

She was only a doll, but Auntie, who had really loved dolls in her youth, did not like to see one ill-treated, and carefully picked up the poor creature.

"I wonder who makes such things," said spoilt Juliet, discontentedly eyeing her late pet. "And why don't they give them thumbs?"

"Shall I take you to see a little girl who knows all about dolls?" asked Auntie, struck by a sudden inspiration.

"I wish you would," cried Juliet, jumping up; "though I don't believe she could have more than I have upstairs, you know, in my very own cupboard. Still I should like to see her collection, so I'll run up and put on my things. Does she live near?"

"Not far off," said Auntie, and very soon the two were ready and had started on their expedition.

Straight into the town, down the large street, then off into a dingy lane, up a fusty close court, and in at the low door of a mere cottage.

"Not here, Auntie, surely," said Juliet in surprise. But Auntie only nodded, and walked on, on, upstairs, Juliet pattering bewildered after her.

At last she stopped to knock at a door.

"Come in," said a little voice, and in they went.

On a dingy sofa by a window sat propped up a fair little girl, stitching.

"Very busy to-day, Rosie?" asked Auntie. "How many pairs finished?"

"Only eleven," sighed poor Rosie, "mother came home and made me lie down."

Juliet's round eyes had now discovered that the poor little girl was making curious little kid boots, nicked at one end; in a moment more she cried out, "Dolls' arms!"

"Yes, ma'am," said poor Rose.

"And only four fingers again," continued Juliet.

"Ask her why," said Auntie.

Rosie smiled. "It isn't right, I know, but the master lets it be so, and we couldn't spare the time for five fingers to these cheap arms. Mother finds all the stuff and yet we only get three halfpence the dozen pairs made up. I've been at it all morning but half an hour," sighed the poor child.

Juliet stood by amazed.

"You, you sew dolls' arms for money," she stammered, "and get so little?"

"But it helps," said Rosie eagerly; "mother says so, and it isn't hard work. I couldn't do the bodies lying here, so they gave me the arms."

"Who does the bodies?" asked Juliet, feeling a new world opening before her.

"Mother, and Jane, and Mrs. Benny over the way," said Rose promptly. "Mother goes to the factory and gets the calico and cuts it out into dolls, Jane sews them, and of nights Ben stuffs them and then Jane stitches the joints. I used to help, but it was too heavy work for me, so mother got me the orders for arms."

"And how do you make them?" questioned Juliet with fresh curiosity.

"Out of bits of kid and calico, and then I stuff them with sawdust when I have sewed 'em up," said little Rosie warmly.

"And the head and the hair?" pursued Juliet.

But Rose shook her head and her scanty fair hair.

"We don't do them," she answered.

"But they must have heads," said Juliet impatiently.

"They do them at the factory; I saw a man at it once," answered Rose, thus pressed; "he had a mould and he poured hot wax in, and the shape came out all right, like a doll's head. And then when it was cool another man took it and cut out a place for the eyes with a sharp knife. They are glass eyes, you know," said little Rose, looking sharply up at Juliet, "and he sticks them in from behind with some hot wax. There are lots and lots of eyes in boxes at the factory; blue and black, and mother says they come from Germany."

"And the hair?" questioned Juliet, now deeply interested.

"I know about that," said Rose with a little air of wisdom, "would you like me to tell you? So, I have finished the twelfth pair of arms, and now I am to lie down, the doctor made me promise that. But I may talk while I lie."

Juliet looked curiously at this busy little creature gathering herself up on the poor old sofa and drawing an worn shawl over her tiny figure.

"Are you ill?" she asked gently. "I never work when I am ill."

"But we are poor people," answered Rose, "and I am not ill, I have only got a spine disease; the doctor says I shall never get over it. It doesn't hurt much," she added quickly, noticing the concern in her visitor's face, "but they won't have me in the hospital. And now shall I tell you about the hair? Mrs. Benny's sister-in-law works at that, and the day I had tea over the way she told me all about it. Common dolls, like those these arms are for, only get some hair stuck into their parting, and that almost any one can do with a knife and some paste or glue but the best sort of dolls take a lot of working at. Lydia Benny says the head is first fixed firm on a block, and then she gets the hair for it near and handy; real hair, that is, you know, and with a blunt knife she makes dents in the wax, and pushes in a few hairs at a time till the whole head is covered. After that she gets an iron roller and rolls it pretty firmly all over the doll's head to make the hair stick firm. The very best dolls have the eyebrows done like that too. It is very slow work, and those sort of dolls cost a lot at the shops."

"And can one brush and comb the hair put in like that?" asked Juliet.

"It is as firm as—mine," said little Rose, giving a tug to a poor, straggling lock that hung in sight. "They are beautiful dolls, miss, indeed, and Lydia is a first rate hand the foreman says."

Juliet's small head was in a whirl. Till this moment dolls had been to her nothing but playthings, the only serious thoughts concerning them coming with too hot a seat by the fire, falls, and general decay. To think that they should mean hard daily work to some people, fatigue, anxiety! And greater marvel still, that a little girl of her own age should look at them from this serious point of view.

Rosie was pleased at the awed attention of her young visitor; the usually quiet little tongue prattled on in unwonted fashion.

"You couldn't guess, miss, what a lot of people it takes to make one doll. At least twenty! And that's not counting the folks that make the stuff they are made of, the wax, and the cotton, the eyes, and the hair."

"I suppose you have lots of dolls," said Juliet, with a gasp, "as you can make them!"

"Only arms, the cheap sort," sighed the poor little maid; "no, miss, I never had a doll of my own. Sometimes I think I'd like one to lie by me here on the sofa, and talk to when mother is out; but they cost too much, the nice ones, and I don't seem to care for a common one. No, I'd best go without one," wound up the little girl composedly.

Juliet flew to her aunt, threw her arms round her neck, and whispered eagerly in her ear.

"May I, mayn't I?" she cried aloud at the end, showing a strong disposition to indulge in a dance of impatience.

Auntie smiled.

"If one smiles it means yes," cried impulsive Juliet, "and it shan't be the one with no thumbs, but Lady Marian, my very best—Rose, listen," she began solemnly; "this is what I mean to do—and as Auntie has smiled she can't say 'No' now—give you my best doll with the real hair and the blue silk frock. It can lie on the sofa and talk to you when your mother is out; no, I mean you can talk to it."

Poor little Rose! she turned from one to the other of the visitors in perplexity—was it a dream, this magnificent offer of the very thing she most desired?

Auntie saw the puzzled face and hastened to make all sure.

"Juliet wishes it," she explained. "She would like you to have her best doll."

Then a sunset rose flush crept into the poor little doll maker's white cheeks, as she leaned on one elbow and kept her blue eyes fixed on Juliet.

That young lady was scrambling on the floor and in a desperate hurry to go and fetch Lady Marian.

There was hardly a good-bye to be got out of her, and all down the stairs she was chattering with her aunt.

"I shall never want Lady Marian back, I shall like her to lie by Rose on the sofa; and now I know about dolls' arms I shall like Flora Sophia much better; only, Auntie, wouldn't it be best if the masters of doll shops paid more money, so that the workers could make better arms, with thumbs as well as fingers?"

It was too deep a question to answer. Wouldn't it be better if all our work in this world were better done? Who is to blame that it is so imperfect?

Juliet happily needed no answer, she was too full of the blessedness of giving.

How Rose received the dear gift shall not be told here—every child can imagine the happy scene and the utter joy of possessing so great a treasure.

"I see that you are out under arms today, captain," exclaimed Jeames, yesterday, to that jolly old tar, Captain Bunnacle, who was attending to the out door affairs about his premises, in an old coat somewhat torn in the armpits.

A fellow slipped down on the icy pavement, when he muttered, "I have no desire to see the town burned down, but I sincerely wish it was laid in ashes."

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

THE PERT DUCKLING.

BY PIPKIN.

MRS. DUCK and the whole of her numerous family were enjoying themselves down at the lake, and Mr. Kingfisher was enjoying himself there in his own fashion also.

There are so many different ways of being happy, and Mr Kingfisher's way was such a very different one from that of the little ducklings that they could not understand it.

They waddled about the banks of the lake, and then plunged into it, and swam and caught insects in the air or in the water, and were always busy and in motion, while he sat on the branch of a tree hanging over the lake, with his head hanging down, quite quiet and still, and looking for all the world as if he were ill or sulky.

"Oh, mammy!" cried the little ducklings to Mrs. Duck, "Quack, quack, quack! what is the matter with poor Mr. Kingfisher?"

"Never you mind children," replied their mamma. "Mr. Kingfisher knows his own business as well as any one of my acquaintances."

"And what is his own business, pray?" cried one very pert duckling, very partly. "Quack quack, quack!"

"That's nothing to you, miss," said Mrs. Duck. "Little ducklings should be seen and not heard."

At this remark of their mamma's two very good mild little ducklings nestled up to her; a third turned round and apologised—she was a very humble duckling; a fourth, feeling awkward, pretended to be very busy drinking, just for something to do, you know; a fifth and sixth, who were very affectionate, immediately kissed each other; a seventh, who was of rather a jealous disposition, and often felt neglected, rushed up to see what they were about; and an eighth, who was far out in the water, turned round and swam back with the air of a martyr; that duckling always was making a martyr of herself about something or other; the ninth was the pert duckling.

And if you were to guess for ever you would never guess what that pert duckling did.

She plunged into the lake and swam out towards Mr Kingfisher as fast as ever she could, saying, "Quack, quack, quack!" louder than ever, just because Mrs Duck, her mamma, had told her to mind her own business, and remarked that little ducklings should be seen and not heard.

Mrs Duck got very angry at this, and I am not at all surprised that she did. Such behavior was enough to make any duck angry. She ran down to the very edge of the water, quacking louder than her naughty little daughter did, because she was older and stronger, and able to make more noise.

Some old ducks who were standing higher up on the bank among the long grass and sedge and rushes talked gravely together about the sad scene.

"It is very distressing, Quack!" said a pensive duck, "to see a child behave so badly and a mother so unhappy." But a very superior sort of a duck drew herself up in a very superior sort of a manner, and quacked out with a most superior quack, "It is all her own fault. My children never disobey me," she said with emphasis.

Perhaps this was a little ill natured and conceited of the superior duck; but somehow or other very superior ducks are so, just a little, you know.

And while her mother quacked wildly for her to return, and the old drake talked gravely and sagaciously about her bad behavior, the pert duckling swam along the fresh bright waters, looking perter and naughtier every minute.

"Quack, quack, quack!" cried the duckling, as she swam up nearer to the Kingfisher. "Hullo, old fellow, you seem rather miserable. Isn't it lively up there?"

And he did not take the least bit of notice of her, any more than if there had been no such thing as quacking in the world.

Could he be deaf as well as ill and sulky?

It was a beautiful evening; the setting sun shed lovely colors upon the water, not a ripple disturbed its surface, insects skimmed over it or flew in the air above it, and happy little fish showed their bright scales now and then as they swam about; diving down or leaping gaily up. All the beauties of the evening were wasted on the duckling, who could think only of Mr Kingfisher. She was so determined to find out what his business was, and also to make as much noise as she could. Why should not she know all about him as well as her mamma, Mrs. Duck? and why should little ducklings be seen and not heard? They could quack as well as old ducks, and why were they made to quack if they were not to quack? In vain her mother called after her, changing from anger to entreaty, and begging her to return.

Nothing should induce her to go back till she had discovered what the business was that Mr Kingfisher knew so well.

"It is just nothing at all," she said to her pert little self, as she looked up at him. "He's old and stupid, and ill and sulky. He'll sit there for ever, doing nothing, and with nothing to do, poor old gentleman! It was just a make-up of mamma's because she must always have something to say."

Thinking these thoughts, she noticed nothing but old Mr. Kingfisher sitting as quiet as a mouse on his branch. But all of a sudden, without a hint of what was going to happen, Mr. Kingfisher became full of life and vigor, and made a rapid plunge into the water, with open beak and murderous intent, as it seemed to the terrified duckling all directed against herself.

She uttered a "Quack!" louder in tone than had ever been heard since the first quack was quacked by the first duck. In fact, for the first time since the creation of ducks a duckling went into hysterics. And so she did not even see the one thing she cared about, that is, what Mr. Kingfisher's business was; for while she struggled in that pitiable condition Mr. Kingfisher, who in truth had not given the pert duckling a thought, quietly did all he had to do.

When he sat there on the branch of the tree he was neither ill nor sulky nor stupid; he knew quite well what he was about, as old Mrs. Duck had remarked, and what he was about was waiting for his dinner! He was watching for a fish to come, when he could jump down upon it and swallow it up, and in order not to frighten the fish away he had to sit as still as a mouse.

And so when the duckling thought he was making a terrible assault on her he was just plunging into the water and swallowing his dinner, in the shape of a fat little fish, and not troubling his head about the duckling at all, and while the poor duckling was struggling Mr. Kingfisher was enjoying his repast.

Old Mrs Duck rushed into the water when she beheld the danger of her naughty daughter, and all the little ducklings rushed into the water also, and so did the pensive duck, and the superior duck, and any other ducks who saw what was going on. And they made such a splashing and dabbling and quacking, and such a fuss and such a confusion around the pert duckling, that, almost driven from her senses, they brought her safe to land.

But she had had her lesson, and from that day to this, when she is, I believe, one of the largest and oldest ducks in the country, she became the meekest, mildest creature that ever swam or waddled, and has never been known to trouble herself about anybody's business but her own.

HYENAS AND LEOPARD.—A pack of hyenas having been much annoyed at the manner in which the leopards had carried off the sheep which they had intended to feed upon, were rejoiced to see one of their enemies alone.

"Now," said they, "we can revenge ourselves, and strike terror into the rest of the family. We have nothing to do but to surround him, and he will fall an easy prey to our fury."

"It will be a grand thing to drag home a dead leopard," said a young hyena.

"And his body will make a fine feast for us," said all the hyenas; and they laughed in chorus.

They drew closer and closer round the leopard, who seeing himself so greatly outnumbered, felt that flight would be better than fighting, and perceiving a sturdy tree not far off, he made a sudden bound, and upsetting several of his assailants, gained one of the lower branches, where he kept the enemy at bay.

So matters stood, when suddenly the leopard began to growl furiously, and the growl was answered by a prolonged growl in the distance. Again and again the leopard growled, and each time the growl was heard from afar.

"The leopards are coming!" said an old hyena, "we had better be off."

Then a panic seized upon the pack, and away they fled, leaving the leopard on his post of advantage.

He waited a few moments after the last of his opponents had disappeared, and then quietly descended.

"Ah," said he, "it is not always those who talk the loudest who win the victory. A wise head will out general an army of boasters; and it was lucky I remembered that there was an echo about here, or I should not have been left master of the field."

J. G.

A vagabond-looking fellow, but with some wit, nevertheless, was brought before a magistrate on the charge of stealing turnips. After making some droll remark he was asked by the magistrate: "But didn't you take the turnips found in your pocket?" "Certainly not," said the prisoner. "I went to sleep in the field among the turnips and the turnips you found in my pockets grew in them while I lay there, the heat of my body causing them to shoot up faster than ordinary. I steal turnips, your worship! I'd scorn the deed!"

A Western boatman had fallen into the Mississippi, and was sinking for the last time; a comrade who was trying to save him, was about to relinquish his hold, when the dying man exclaimed: "Hang on, Sam! hang on! I'll treat—I swear I will!" It is useless to add that he was saved.

CONFESSION.

BY L. W.

It is pleasant—is it not?—
Sitting here beneath the trees,
While the restless wind above
Ripples over leafy seas?
In the shadow—quite alone—
I have sat till starlight came,
Listening to its monotone;
Yet not always quite alone
Brother, let me take the place
Just behind you; now the moon
Shines no longer in my face.

It is near two months ago
Since I met him, as I think
By God's mercy, when my horse
Trembled on the river's brink.
I had fallen, but his arm
Firmly seized the bridle-rein,
And, with one decided grasp,
Drew me back to life again.
I was grateful, and essayed
Fitting words my thanks to speak;
Arthur, when the heart feels most,
Words, I think, are oftest weak.

So I stammered, and I fear
What I said had little grace;
But I knew he understood,
By the smile upon his face
There are faces—his was such—
That are sealed when in repose;
Only when a smile floods out
All the soul in beauty glows.
With that smile I grew content,
And my heart grew strangely calm,
As with trustful step I walked,
My arm resting on his arm.

Brother, turn your face away,
So, dear, I can tell you best
All that followed; but be sure
You are looking to the west.
Arthur, I have seen him since
Nearly every day, until
If I lose him all my life
Would grow wan, and dark, and chill.
Brother, this my love impute
Not to me for maiden shame;
He has sought me for his wife,
He would crown me with his name.
Only yesterday he said
That my love his life would bless;
Would I grant it? Arthur, dear,
Was I wrong in saying 'Yes?'

STAGE ILLUSIONS.

MANY of the peculiar effects produced upon the stage, imitating moonlight, sunlight, thunder, wind, rain and other natural phenomena, are a puzzle to those outside the business. How such realistic representations of these things as are often witnessed upon the stage can be made is a question that often enters the mind of the spectator, and is seldom answered in a satisfactory manner.

Thunder is a common stage effect, and is used with great advantage in many plays. In former days it was produced by shaking a large piece of sheet iron hung immediately above the prompter's desk. This contrivance produced a good imitation of sharp, rattling thunder, but failed to give the dull roar which is always heard in storms. A contrivance for this purpose was soon invented. A heavy box frame is made, and over it is tightly drawn a calf skin. Upon this the prompter operates with a stick, one end of which is padded and covered with chamois skin. A flash of lightning, produced with magnesium, and a sharp crack of the sheet iron, followed by a long de pressing roll upon the "thunder drum," produces an effect which is startlingly realistic.

The rain machine in large theatres is a fixture placed high up in the "flies." A cylinder is made of "half inch" wood. It is usually five feet in circumference, and four feet in length. Upon the inside are placed rows of small wooden teeth. A lot of dried peas is placed in the cylinder, a rope belt is run around one end of it and down to the prompter's desk, and it is ready for a drenching shower. By turning the cylinder, the peas roll down between the teeth, and the noise produced by them makes a good imitation of rain falling upon a roof. A sudden pull of the rope, accompanied by a gust on the "wind machine," gives the sound of the sweep of a blast of wind during a storm.

Wind is an item that is very useful in heightening the effect of stage storms. The wind machine is constructed in this manner: A heavy frame is made, in which is set a cylinder provided with paddles and resembling very much the stern-wheels seen on Western low-waters. Across the top of this cylinder is stretched as tightly as possible a piece of heavy grosgrained silk. This silk remains stationary while the wheel is turned by a crank. The rapid passage of the paddles across the surface of the silk produces the noise of wind.

There is nothing that can be so well counterfeited on the stage as moonlight scenery. It is done in cold grays and greens, in which Prussian blue and burnt umber play an important part; and the lights are put in with white slightly tinged with emerald green. The strong moonlight of the foreground is produced by a calcium light thrown through a green glass.

Red "mediums," or glasses, are employed to give a soft, sunset glow to the scene. At the proper moment, the back drop is very slowly and steadily hauled up, while the red mediums are slowly turned off and green ones turned on. The moon is made in the night half of the sky drop, and rises with it. When it rises above the distant horizon the green "mediums" are turned on to their full power and the green calcium light is brought into play.

Moonrise, in a scene where there is no change from daylight to darkness, is often produced with a muslin drop and a "moon box." The muslin drop is painted to represent the sky, the clouds being painted on strips of muslin cut in the required shape and sewn on. The moon is made with a box on one side of which a circular hole is cut. Over this hole is pasted a piece of white muslin. A couple of wires serve to draw the moon upward. Of course the white illuminated circle shows plainly through the muslin sky, but disappears when passing behind the canvas clouds. By having another piece of muslin painted red and imperceptibly fading to white, placed at the back of the drop in the moon's path, the orb of night can be made to appear red at the horizon and gradually change to pale yellow as it sails slowly upward. Floating clouds are easily imitated by hanging in front of the sky drop a gauze drop upon which are sewn muslin or canvas clouds, and moving the whole slowly.

An ocean of heaving waters is made in this way: Each bounding wave is cut out separately. The first row is set up with a distance of three or four feet between each billow; and the second row is set so as to show in the openings left by the first. Small boys furnish the motive power. The waves are rocked back and forth, not from side to side; and the effect is very good. The noise of water rolling upon a beach is well imitated in a simple manner. A box of light wood is lined with tin. By putting two or three ounces of bird shot into this and causing it to roll around, the desired sound is produced.

Fire scenes are sometimes dangerous, but with proper care they may be rendered comparatively safe. The house is painted on three separate pieces, the top one of which is hung from the flies; this constitutes the roof. Upon the second is painted half the wall, and is joined to the bottom piece in an irregular zig-zag line. The simple dropping in succession of these pieces to the stage produces the falling of roof and wall. The fire itself is represented by chemical red fire and powdered lycopodium used separately, the former to give a red glow and the latter to represent flames. The shutters, which are to fall, are fastened to the scene with a preparation called "quick match." This is made of powder, alcohol, and a lamp wick. The window frames and sashes are made of sheet iron. They are covered with oakum soaked in alcohol or naphtha. These sashes and frames are not fastened to the canvas scene at all, but are placed a short distance behind it on platforms. The quickest possible touch of fire ignites the oakum, and, in a moment, the fire runs around the sash and nothing is apparently left but blackened and charred wood. Steam is used to represent the smoke that issues from the crannies in the walls of the burning building; and an occasional crash followed by the ignition of a little powder to produce a sudden puff of smoke gives the spectator an idea of a falling rafter. Behind the entire scene is placed a very large and endless tewel upon which is painted a mass of flames. This is kept in constant motion; and, when viewed through an open window in the house, gives a good idea of the supposed raging furnace within.

Grains of Gold.

None have less praise than those who hunt for it.

No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere.

Base natures joy to see sorrows come to those they deem happy.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his room.

Genuine politeness is the first born offspring of generosity and modesty.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

Pride is a vice which inclines men to find it in others, and overlook it in themselves.

One act of beneficence, or act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Growth is the nature of habit, not of one sort or another, but of all, even of the unnatural habits.

There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not childlike humility at the starting-post.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility as the fringes are to a garment.

Every man who drinks at the bar invites others to go with him; but how few who do good acts are mindful of this social duty.

The will of God is the light by which we ought to be guided. Nothing grievous can ever happen to us so long as we follow it.

We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves.

What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it.

It is so much pleasanter to have imaginary enemies than to recognize one's own incapacity for any task undertaken, that the delusion is always maintained.

Let it be your business less to fight, or even to expose error, or to criticise fault, than to disclose and manifest verity and right, and to be the evolution we preach.

The true motives of our actions like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old remember that they were once young, the world would be happier.

There is no elevation of mind in a contempt of little things, it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance which have in fact such extensive consequences.

When a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does it faster than anything in nature; it is like the boiling of an egg; it is very clear at first; but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more and you may cut it with a knife.

Let those who are appointed to judge of the character of others, bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it.

One great error of our moral teaching lies in the fact that there is too much "don't" to it, and not enough "do." We bid our children not to do this and that; we do not always tell them what they may do. We tell the inebriate not to go there; but we do not, as a general thing, give him a place where he can go. We bid the young avoid the light, warm, cheery saloon; but we give him only the curbstone, or his own dim, chilly, uncomfortable room.

Femininities.

Marriage is sometimes only a long quarrel.

Said he, "Let us be one." And she was won.

Ladies can draw a beau into a knot at the hymenial altar.

Wives should see to it that the lives of their husbands are insured.

A sore lip will keep a girl out of society sooner than a death in the family.

The ancient Diana kept her bows in her hand, but the modern keep their beaus in a quiver.

That woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.

No pious lady who has the slightest regard for a man's soul will ask him to guess how old she is.

Alcohol was invented 930 years ago in Arabia, and was used by ladies with a powder for painting their faces.

Lucy Larcom, the famous poetess, isn't at all ashamed of having been a Lowell factory girl. On the contrary, she is rather proud of it.

To the query of a dentist to an applicant for a new set as to what sort of teeth she wanted, she said: "Something that won't show dirt."

They say that a woman can't keep a secret, but when one has passed her twenty-sixth birthday, you'll find she'll keep it for at least five years.

A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her.

A man who recently returned from Spitsbergen, after an absence of twenty eight years, found his wife in very good health but the widow of three husbands.

The first thread that was ever spun from cotton was spun by a woman in Providence, R. I. An immense business has grown up from the seed of her invention.

Ladies will be glad to hear that "frightened frog" is the name of the last new color. It is rather lighter than "frightened toad" or "angry mouse," says a letter writer.

The young ladies of the present day spend most of their time in conjugating the verb "to love." There is only one question which will rouse them from this ecstasy, and that is, "Is he rich?"

Many ladies have ruined the shape of their ears by wearing heavy, massive earrings, which not only spoil the shape of the ear by elongating it but also produce headache and pains in the face.

The London papers have taken up the fight in behalf of the store girls, and intend to publish a list of the establishments which furnish their female employees with seats during disengaged business hours.

Gwendoline: "Uncle George says every woman ought to have a profession, and I think he's quite right!" Mamma: "Indeed! And what profession do you mean to choose?" Gwendoline: "I mean to be a professional beauty."

A Canadian paper says that a young bride and bridegroom were riding in its neighborhood, when the lady was found to have become speechless from the effect of the frost on her brain, and she died soon after reaching home. The sad event is attributed to the scanty style of bonnet she wore.

"No, marm," said the dealer. "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below eights would render me liable under the statute for the prevention of cruelty to animals." He didn't sell her anything under eights or over it. Some women are so touchy about the size of their feet.

The heart of man is like a garden, capable of producing, under good culture, everything beautiful in humanity, while, if neglected, it is choked up with every kind of rank and poisonous weeds. The hand of a virtuous woman is best adapted to the task of sowing good seed and rearing beautiful flowers.

A young lady artist married a young gentleman artist. The uncle of the bride made a call upon them and found them sitting in opposite corners of their joint studio, in the sulks, the husband saying that his wife's waist was out of proportion, and the wife saying that her husband's nose was too small.

"Unhappily married? I should think I was!" cried the burlesque actress. "Why, here's this miserable apology of a man doesn't beat me; doesn't come home drunk; doesn't even squander my earnings! I haven't the slightest excuse for getting a divorce, and I'm afraid I never shall make a name in the world."

The Girl's Friendly Society of London was formed for the benefit of girls of the working classes, and its principal aim is to provide a friend for every working girl in England, whose advice and assistance may tend to keep young and unprotected girls in a right path, and so prevent many from falling into the cruel temptations that surround them.

Love making is dreadfully tame beside a hot air register or a steam radiator. That may be one reason why so many remain single nowadays. In "ye olden time," when lovers toasted their shins before a log fire, the cracking of the wood filled up all awkward gaps, and things went on so smoothly that one had said "will you?" and the other "yes," before they knew what they were doing.

In a Massachusetts town lately, a small girl who said she could not read, requested a lady at the post office to look upon the list for a given name. While the lady was examining the list, the girl pressed close to her side, and upon being told there was no such name recorded, hastily left the office. The lady subsequently discovered that her portemonnaie had disappeared, and the inference was that the girl was an expert pickpocket.

It is one of the worst misfortunes of women that falsehood is not as a rule considered a dishonor among them. To call a man a liar is like calling him a coward—an offence to the very soul and heart of his manhood, the very integrity of his being. To call a woman deceitful, a romancer, or falsifier, is not to honor her certainly, but not to dishonor her as it would dishonor her husband or brother. She is privileged to wear two faces under one hood, because nothing better is expected from her; and society condemns her sin as the sin of weakness which she is expected to commit, just as you expect a frayed rope to break.

News Notes.

Milan has a clock made of bread.

And now they are adulterating oleomargarine.

There is an American horse-car company in Bombay.

The art of engraving originated in the 15th century.

New York City has a German population of over 250 000.

The latest invention is a candle that snuffs itself and blows itself out.

In Japan the persimmon is dried, packed, and sold the same as dates.

Soft warm mittens are worn by fashionable ladies over their kid gloves.

Wooden railway ties have been abandoned by the Belgian government.

If a tree be inoculated with the poison of a rattlesnake, the leaves will wither.

The English postoffice authorities have just given an order for 20,000 telephones.

In a French drawing-room strangers rarely fall into conversation unless introduced.

There are over 30,000 hounds in Great Britain, kept at an estimated cost of $1,500,000.

European clothes have decreased the vitality of the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands.

Two colored preachers are applicants for the office of chaplain of the Tennessee Penitentiary.

General Andrew Jackson's heavy gold watch is now owned by a colored barber of Kentucky.

There is an organization extending over all Germany to start public lectures in the larger towns.

A genuine live Yankee from New Hampshire has been appointed dentist to the royal court of Spain.

The Turkish is the softest of modern Iranian languages for conservation and adaptation to vocal music.

The man who loses half an hour daily going for or hunting displaced tools, loses 180 hours per year.

In Germany, including the free cities, about 85 per cent. of the population have incomes under $300.

Every oyster that is swallowed, as it is taken from the shell, has a heart pulsating about 57 times a minute.

Two separate issues of a prominent St. Louis paper by rival claimants to the ownership are published every day.

The name tulip is derived from the Turkish, and the flower is so called from its fancied resemblance to a turban.

A dead pauper's coat, at Fort Scott, Kansas, was found to be lined with $600 in good money, which went to the State, no heir appearing.

An Illinois horse thief was recently discovered in his mother's house, concealed in a box, and covered with three wagon-loads of corn cobs.

The ladies of Paris are tired of beetles and birds, and the latest idea for the adornment of a head dress is the foot of a bear or a tiger's paw.

The French of New Orleans are a third of the whole population. They almost exclusively occupy the older wards of the city, and speak French.

Italian officers are exercised in running railway trains, so that in times of war they may be able to transport troops by rail in a satisfactory manner.

An Oregon farmer made considerable syrup from watermelons last year. The melons were run through a cider mill, and the juice strained and boiled down.

A man's wife had pneumonia at Fond du Lac, and he was advised to lay a warm flatiron on her chest. He was drunk when he applied the remedy, and caused her death by using a red-hot iron.

To ascertain the length of the day and night any time in the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day.

A little child engaged in a theatrical performance in San Francisco was so frightened by the stage thunder and lightning that she ran frantically to the wings, and, being repulsed there, took refuge in a private box.

A passenger who lost a leg on the Grand Trunk Railroad several years ago, has just been paid $47,557 damages. This is said to be the largest sum ever recovered from a railroad corporation in a suit for personal damages.

Edward Richardson, of New Orleans, is called in the city the "Cotton King of America." He is said to be worth $5,000,000 and owns ten or twelve cotton plantations, on which from 15,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton are grown each year.

In a South Carolina jail is a colored preacher, who, being convinced that a neighbor's hog was possessed of a devil, thought to destroy the fiend by killing the hog and dividing the meat among his (the preacher's) wives, of which he has several.

General Grant is said to smoke one hundred cigars in two weeks. He gives away as many as he smokes. He has used the same brand of imported cigars for ten years. He pays $75.50 a box. Colonel Ingersoll pays $50 a box, and uses from five to ten cigars a day.

An Irish resident landlord went the other night to a dinner party equipped thus: Behind him, on the back seat of his brougham, lay a Winchester repeating carbine containing sixteen cartridges, and in the pocket of his overcoat was a five-barrelled revolver. His wife, who accompanied him, carried a second revolver, and his daughter, a girl of one-and-twenty, was armed with a Derringer.

HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND MELANCHOLY generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may readily be removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of whom will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, remove all biliousness, and produce regular evacuations of the bowels.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE,

CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA,

SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

FREE

25 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a 3c stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention this paper. London Importing Co., 22, 24 & 26 4th Avenue, New York.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALID'S FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

A PRINCELY OFFER —A— MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

We will send **The Literary Guest** (a mammoth Illustrated Family News Paper) on trial **three months** for only **15 cts.** (or five 3c. postage stamps) and to each subscriber, we will give **free** one pair of elegant Oil Pictures, size 22x36 inches. We make this offer simply in order to introduce our Paper and Elegant Oil Premiums in new localities, well knowing where they are once seen hundreds more will be wanted. We shall offer as above the celebrated companion Pictures entitled, "The East," representing a scene in the White Mountains, and "The West," representing a scene in Wyoming Territory. They are the most beautiful and artistic Genuine Oil Pictures in this country, and in their perfection are very desirable works of art.

HOW WE CAN GIVE THEM AWAY.

These pictures were made as premiums to be given away with *The Aldine*, the finest art journal ever published, for $5 per year. As every one knows, *The Aldine* failed; it was through our agent that the whole immense edition of these chromos was secured at a bankrupt sale. It is only for this reason that we could offer these pictures as premiums with our paper. Every one who remembers *The Aldine* will know what would be the value of any picture which such a celebrated art journal would offer to its subscribers; and we confidently expect, offering these premiums, which were designed for a six dollar paper, with THE GUEST (three months for 15 cents), to secure at least 50,000 subscribers within the next two months. It barely pays for printing, postage, and packing. Address at once,

CHASE & CO., Westboro, Mass.

THE INHALING PILLOW!

A QUICK REMEDY FOR

CATARRH!

THE INHALING PILLOW is the name of a new appliance that is powerful and permanently healing in its action upon Catarrh. It does not trifle with disease. It is a simple arrangement that concentrates the science and common-sense of the age upon one thing and that is the healing of catarrhal ravages. The best proof that it is successful is this: If in a week you are not satisfied, return it and any agent who sells it will pay you your money back. This is a quick argument. Price, $1.00, express paid. Send for circular. THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1319 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. (Wholesale Agents, JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 608 Arch St.)

Latest and Best Dictionary Extant!

HANDY, RELIABLE

DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The most extensive and comprehensive book of its kind ever published. Records the exact Spelling, Pronunciation and Definition of more than Twenty-five Thousand Words as used by the best Speakers and writers in America and England.

It also contains a number of

Most Valuable Tables

and other Articles, giving information about WEIGHTS AND MEASURES in common use; the METRIC SYSTEM; ABBREVIATIONS used in WRITING; FOREIGN WORDS, PHRASES and PROVERBS, &c., making it indispensable to every READER, WRITER and THINKER. *Fully Illustrated.* Price, 10 Cts. By mail 3 cts. extra.

Before ordering Books elsewhere, send for catalogue of standard books at very low prices.

THE ONEAPEST BOOK STORE in the WORLD.

Address, AMERICAN BOOK STORE, 841 Broadway, N. Y.

TAPE WORM

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, to H. RICKHORN, No. 4, St. Mark's Place, New York.

MUSTACHE AND WHISKERS.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 206 George St. Cincinnati, O.

$105 A MONTH and EXPENSES, SELLING CICARS To DEALERS Samples Free. Local and Traveling SALESMEN

Must Have Cash Money to Secure Agency. Address, A. FOSTER & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

FREE 8 Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N.Y.

---

50 Finest Chromo, Gilt & Colored, Scroll Cards ever sold, only 10c. Agt's Samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

---

50 All gold, silver, shell, motto and floral Chromo Cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10c. Agt's sample book 25c. Star Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

ORGANS 30 to $1000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos $125 up. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

---

6 LOVE Letters 24 Illustrated Escort Cards 8 Popular songs assorted, all 10c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

---

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Agents big outfit 10c. Card Factory, Shelton, Ct.

GEM OF MUSICAL WONDERS **Only $10** GEM OF MUSICAL WONDERS

THE MARVELOUS ORGANINA!

Upright Piano Style.

Splendid Action, Sweet Tone, Beautiful Finish, a Model Organ, and perfection of Automatic musical instruments. The *Touch and Expression of a Superior Organist* are almost exactly reproduced—an effect which has never before been obtained. The Compass of the Organina is greater than that of any similar instrument, enabling fuller harmonic effects to be produced, a matter of special importance in the rendering of sacred music and full choruses. They are finished with great care throughout; durable in every part, and with constant use will last for years, as the mechanism is a model of simplicity and cannot be deranged. *No knowledge of music whatever is required to perform upon them, and any child able to talk can produce the most delightful music with same effects as an adult.* The Music is on much heavier paper, with smaller perforations, and consequently much more durable than any made heretofore. It is very compact, much lower in price, embraces the latest publications, and is in all respects the very best manufactured. *Agents wanted in every town.* Circulars free.

THEO. J. HARBACH, 1223 Chestnut, and 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

John Wanamaker.

DRY GOODS

If you cannot visit the city, send to us by postal card for *Housekeeper's Price List*, and *Underwear Price List*.

We fill orders by letter from every State and Territory at same prices charged customers who visit the store, and allow same privilege of return.

The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

for JANUARY and FEBRUARY

This is the particular season in which to get and prepare Housekeeping Dry Goods—Sheetings, Pillow Materials, Linens, Napkins, Towels, etc. It is also the season for Ladies' Underwear. The Grand Depot contains the greatest variety of goods in one establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

The Literary Revolution

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." This is acknowledged to be the most successful revolution of the century. Is it not also the most important? It brings knowledge and culture within reach of all who aspire to them. Books supply the most permanent and fruitful sources of enjoyment. Whoso will may now possess them. The list of publications already comprises nearly 125 volumes of standard works, and the number is being increased with unprecedented rapidity. You can get full descriptive catalogue and an illustrated pamphlet telling how books are made, and describing the setting of type by steam, free on application, and you can get the books themselves from the leading bookseller in every town. The comments of Press and People are most noteworthy. "The day of cheap and good books is once more with us, and the American Book Exchange merits the praise for it."—*Episcopal Register*, Philadelphia. "We can only repeat our hearty commendation."—*Traveler*, Boston. "In doing wonders in book-making. We pronounce them the best books for the money that ever came to our notice."—*Watchman*, Boston. "Has some rich relative left you a colossal fortune which you are spending in purchasing books for the people at nominal prices? If so, I admire your taste. But wont the old-line publishers be glad when it is gone?"—queries a facetious but appreciative correspondent. "At these rates every man may, and every man should, have a library."—*Alliance*, Chicago. "Your company is worth more to the common people than the Peabody Fund," writes a Southern educator. "The American Book Exchange is doing a very remarkable work."—*Journal*, Boston. "Other publishers may sneer at them, but so long as the Exchange publishes a book at one-tenth the cost at which it is offered elsewhere, sneers cannot hurt them."—*Courier-Journal*, Louisville. "Anybody can afford to own a cyclopædia now."—*Press*, Ellenville, N. Y. "Cheap beyond all precedent in book-making."—*Cynic*, Columbus, O.

Type-Setting By Steam.

Amazing Offer!

Large Type.

2 Cents Lost

Every Day That You Delay.

Is Marching On!

Chambers's Encyclopædia.

Ten years ago this great work could not be had for less than $20.00. The Literary Revolution gives you a verbatim reprint of the last London edition in 15 elegant and handy cloth-bound volumes, small but clear type, for $7.50. In this style it is now commanding large sales, and purchasers—in immense quantities, of plate and being delivered to purchasers. The same work is also being issued in large type, under the title of the "Library of Universal Knowledge," in 15 large octavo volumes, the price in cloth binding being $15.00, and in half Russia, gilt top, $20.00. To this edition an able corps of American editors are adding about 15,000 topics not treated in the original Chambers's, thus more thoroughly adapting it to the wants of American readers, and making it the largest Encyclopædia ever published in this country—about 15 per cent larger than Appleton's (price, $30.00), and 20 per cent larger than Johnson's (price, $50.00). In adaptation to the wants of general readers Chambers's has always ranked at the very front. Now thoroughly revised, it is several years the latest in the field. You can want nothing better. Of this large type edition the first seven volumes are ready January 10, 1883, and the remaining volumes will follow about two each month, till the work is completed. Notwithstanding that our prices are low beyond example, it is our custom to give special inducements to those whose orders are nearest received. Accordingly, the price for the 15 volumes in cloth, orders with cash to be received by us on January 1, is only $11.00, and for the half Russia, gilt top, $20.00. The price of the cloth edition is also to be advanced two cents every day (Sundays included) after January 1, and the price of the half Russia, gilt top, three cents every day, till the full price of $15.00 and $20.00 is reached. You will therefore readily see the wisdom of sending your order promptly when you have read this. The volumes now ready will be sent to you at once, and the remainder as issued, or as you may direct. As above stated, the books may also be ordered of the leading bookseller in every town. Liberal terms are allowed to clubs. Descriptive catalogue sent free on request. Remit by bank draft, money order, registered letter, or by express. Fractions of one dollar may be sent in postage stamps. Address

AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE,

JOHN B. ALDEN, MANAGER. Tribune Building, New York.

AGENCIES: Boston, H. L. Hastings; Philadelphia, Leary & Co.; Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co.; Indianapolis, Bowen, Stewart & Co.; Cleveland, Ingham, Clark & Co.; Toledo, Brown, Eager & Co.; Chicago, Alden & Chadwick, 224 State street; San Francisco, Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch; St. Louis, S. Parson & Co.; in smaller towns the leading bookseller, only one in a place.

AGENTS can make $5.00 PER DAY Selling PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs accurately up to 25 lbs. Its handsome appearance sells it at sight. Retail price, $1.50. Other Family Scales weighing 25 lbs. cost $5.00. Exclusive territory given free. Terms and valuable sales supplies to Agents. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

TONECTAR A medicinal Tonic or Nectar, Cures Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness, Long Diseases, Liver Complaint, etc. It has no equal and is superior to all the bitters ever made. Register's Liniment is superior to all others. A trial will convince. F. Register, Prop'r, 324 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa. Agents wanted for these great remedies. 150 per cent. profit. Write for particulars.

PRINTING PRESSES, TYPES and Material. Send two 3c. stamps for catalogue. E. O. Woods, 49 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

---

25 Lovely Moss Rose and Assorted Chromo Cards Name on 10c. A 32-Column Story Paper Free with each pack. American Card Co., West Haven, Ct.

---

50 Gilt Edge French Chromos and assorted cards beautiful designs, with name in gold, 10c. Agents outfit, 10c. Caxton Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

CARDS, 10 Lily & Imported Glass, 10 New Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll, Engraved in Colors, one Love letter. Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

IF YOU ARE AFFLICTED

with any chronic or obscure disease, no matter what, nor who has failed to cure you, do not rest until you have written me for information explaining how you can be cured at home without publicity or interference with business. Relief quick and certain. I use only plain envelopes. Circulars, instructions, and, when needed, examination blanks will be sent free on receipt of stamp. State your symptoms and mention this paper. Address Dr. J. T. BAKER, Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE—Elegant Illustrated Book Marks sent to all for two 2 cent stamps. BURT & PRENTICE, 41 Beekman street, New York.

---

25 Christmas Chromo Cards 10c. or 50 Fancy Cards 10c. Outfit 10c. The Forest Card Co. Northford, Ct.

---

50 Gold, Figured, and Address Chromos, 10c. Agts. sample book, 25c. Heavy Bros., Northford, Ct.

---

50 Fancy Cards 10c. gilt & bevel edge cards a specialty price list free. The Forest Card Co, Northford, Ct.

---

50 All Chromo Cards, New & Elegant Designs, with name 10c. Branford Print'g Co., Branford, Ct.

---

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c.

---

80 Landscape, Chromo Cards, etc., name on, 10c. 20 Gilt Edge Cards, 10c. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

---

50 All Lithographed Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, 10c. Agts. big outfit 10c. Globe Card Co. Northford, Ct.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by A. M. Richardson & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

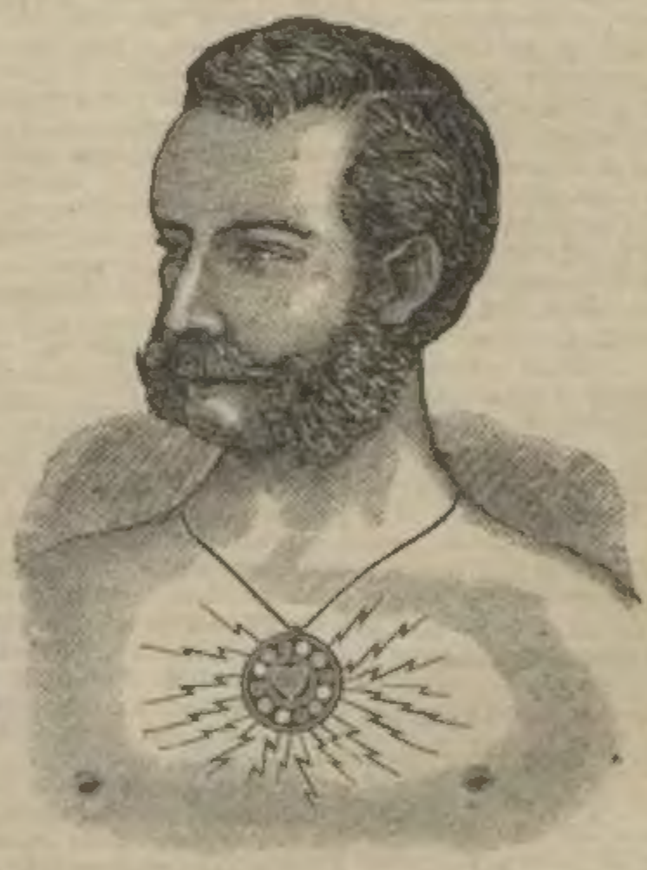
WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

Throw Away Drugs! Try Nature's Remedy!
☞ Foe of Disease! ☜

The Crowning Medical and Scientific Triumph of the 19th Century!

"The Blood is the Life."

THIS CUT REPRESENTS THE EXACT SIZE OF THE BATTERY FOR CHILDREN.
THIS CUT REPRESENTS THE EXACT SIZE OF THE BATTERY FOR ADULTS.



The Wonderful Magneto-Galvanic Batteries!
☞ Joy to Invalids! ☜

As Lightning Purifies the Air, so must Electricity Purify the Blood!

THE GERM OF ALL LIFE IS ELECTRICITY!

The Wonderful Magneto-Galvanic Battery is a Scientific and Reliable Appliance for the Relief and Cure of Disease by Magnetism and Electricity.

Messrs. A. M. Richardson & Co., being sole owners and proprietors of the patent, for the United States, for the **Wonderful Medical Discovery**, the **Magneto-Galvanic Battery**, which is the result of a life of study, research and experiment, now offer them to the afflicted of America. This valuable curative agent has been introduced throughout the world, and has received the most flattering testimonials of wonderful cures, and its use has produced such marvelous results as to merit the high encomiums which it has voluntarily received from scientific gentlemen the world over.

Richardson's Magneto-Galvanic Batteries are constructed on purely scientific principles, of various amalgamated metals, well known to the scientific world. To those tired of taking medicines and maltreating their best friend—the stomach—we desire to say that this method of remedial movement generates and transmits to the system a magneto-galvanic force, which is transformed into vital and physical power or strength, as agreeable as magical, which rapidly builds up the most shattered constitution. The whole system receives positive and inexhaustible supplies of the life-giving current, unattainable through any other method of treatment, thus producing results no less startling than salutary.

It is a well-known fact to the initiated, that a powerful magneto-galvanic action can be produced without friction, as clearly demonstrated by Prof. Edison in the invention of the telephone, and Galvani, the inventor of Galvanism. The union of metals alone produces a gentle galvanic action, which is intensified by this great discovery, which, when applied to the human body, **produces results truly wonderful.** In telegraphy, we produce the electric current by plunging metals in sulphuric acid, which, by corrosion, decomposes the parts exposed to it, thus facilitating their union with other metals destined to form the amalgam. When, however, it is desired to apply it to the body, no such intensity is required, as the natural humidity of the skin is sufficient to set the chemicals in the amalgamated metals in motion, and generate a constant but gentle flow of electricity to pass from the **Magneto-Galvanic Battery** into the system.

Various kinds of complicated machines have been manufactured for many years which produce galvanic action, and the inventors, each taking a step in the onward march of improvement, have, in some instances, secured patents thereon, but during the past few years the greatest wonders in **Magneto-Galvanism—Electricity**—have been discovered, among which may be mentioned Prof. Edison's Telephone and Microphone, and last, **but most marvelous, the health-giver, health-restoring MAGNETO-GALVANIC BATTERY.**

The celebrated Pulvermacher, of London, has successfully applied this principle of combination of metals to many inventions that have become famous throughout the world. The instruments he manufactures have been found very efficacious, when applied to certain parts of the body, in the cure of many diseases, and their success has been so great, and authentically attested, that no doubt any longer exists among the medical faculty of the genuine utility of galvanic appliances.

The inventor experimented for several years before he succeeded in producing a battery by which the electric current could be distributed throughout the whole system in a gentle and convenient manner, without the necessity of wearing an unsightly and expensive apparatus, to which nothing but the existence of severe pain would reconcile the wearer; **the Magneto-Galvanic Battery answers the desired purpose.**

The celebrated **Harvey**, who discovered the circulation of the blood, stated that this fluid, which is expelled from the heart, completes its circuit and returns again to the fountain head, in the space of about three minutes; this theory has been confirmed by subsequent investigation. Thus, then, there is a flow of blood passing any given part of the body constantly, and by taking advantage of this fact and using the **Magneto-Galvanic Battery**, we can infuse into it on its passage the necessary electricity for **perfect purification, by galvanic injection, through the pores of the skin.**

"**THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.**"—By an impure and impoverished condition nearly all diseases are caused, and only through its purification can those diseases be cured. Knowing these facts, the inventor arrived at the conclusion that by electrifying the blood it stimulated the entire system, so that it **enables nature to prevent and throw off** nearly all diseases, and causes the blood to become youthful and vigorous in its action. The success that has hitherto attended this useful invention is fully proved by numerous testimonials and the unanimous opinion of the Medical Fraternity throughout the world. Galvanic action, though long known to medical and scientific men, is a new doctrine to the masses, but the difficulty of applying it in miniature form, which has long been a provoking question, **is now overcome by the invention of the Magneto-Galvanic Battery.**

It is true that the Blood is the Life, and it is also true that corrupt, poisoned, diseased, impoverished and vitiated blood means death. We claim that, by the use of **the Magneto-Galvanic Battery,** the blood can be so electrified as to make it healthful and vigorous in its action. **It is, in fact, Nature's Remedy.**

Every Person, old or young, subject to the following complaints, should wear the Magneto-Galvanic Battery:—Sick Headache, Rheumatism, Gout, Swollen Joints, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Lumbago, Aches and Pains, Pains in the Bones, Sciatica, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Chills, Vertigo, Nervous and General Debility, Loss of Manhood, Impotence, Seminal Weakness, Female Complaints, Barrenness, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis, Pleurisy, Jaundice, Diphtheria, Constipation, Hysteria or Fits, Heartburn, Weak Stomach, Flatulency, Quinsy, Pectoral Affection, Piles, Hypochondriasis, Deafness, Disease of the Heart, Dropsy, Gravel, Spinal Diseases, Paralysis, Weak Back and Wasting Decay. These diseases arise mostly from relaxation of the system and debility, for the relief and cure of which **Electricity** is eminently adapted.

By its application the **affected organs are reached, vitalized and strengthened,** the difficulties arrested, and, wherever there is a basis for recition, **the functions can be restored to their normal health.**

If you were so indiscreet in youth as to allow your passions to lead you to self-abuse, it has left you without vital power and deprived you of your manhood, causing you to have an aversion to society and unfitted you for business, allowing your brain to run to thoughts that can be of no possible or practical use. From such disobedience to the laws of nature, the eyes are left dim, the mind wandering, the memory lost. With difficulty you stand erect. Every step draws on you for an effort which makes your daily employment a burden, instead of a pleasure. There is dimness of sight, spasmodic pains in the head, a discontented feeling without knowing the cause, and the entire system is in a nervous and debilitated condition. **For the restoration of such debilitated constitutions, there is no remedy that will relieve all the ailments caused by self-abuse with such magic as the Magneto-Galvanic Battery.**

Reader, why neglect your health and destroy your happiness and recklessly throw aside all that makes life a pleasure? How many drag out year after year of a miserable existence, simply for the want of a remedy with the efficacy and virtue necessary to remove their ailments. We say to such, procrastination is dangerous. It will not do, if you wish to live, to trifle with the human system. Then why delay, when an article is at hand that has science, common sense and marvelous cures to commend it, and the assurance that **in no possible way can it do you any injury if you are not restored to health by its use?**

Directions for Using the Batteries.—Each Battery has attached to it a silk cord, which should be tied around the neck, so as to allow the Battery to hang upon the chest, next to the skin. It should be worn day and night, and for at least a month after the patient is cured. Children under six years of age should wear them at night only. In extreme cases of Chronic Rheumatism, with old age combined, or entire loss of manhood, two large Batteries may be worn, one on the chest and one on the back between the shoulder-blades, but in **no other case** will it be necessary to electrify the blood to such an extent. When it is necessary to wear two, it can be done without the slightest inconvenience, as the large Batteries are only about the size of a silver dollar. A Battery will last a lifetime without losing much of its power. We make two sizes of Batteries, one for grown people, the other for children under 12 years of age. The large Battery is the size of a silver dollar, the smaller one is the size of a half dollar. The small size is comparatively useless as a curative agent for grown people, as the blood of a man or woman cannot be sufficiently electrified by its use. **The same Battery should not be worn by two different persons.**

A Test of the Magneto-Galvanic Power of the Battery can be made by taking the Battery by the centre and applying the edge, at the break in the ring, to a needle or any light article of steel or iron; it will be immediately attracted and **adhere to the Battery.** The object of the break is to allow the *Magneto-Galvanic Current* to pass from the Battery directly into the system. If the circle was complete, the current circuit would pass round and round the Battery, and not pass into the system, hence the necessity for the break in the Battery circle. Many inquire the length of time necessary to cure certain diseases. We have known some chronic cases to be cured in twenty-four hours; others it takes weeks and months to cure, especially where the disease is deep seated. The blood, and system generally, of some persons are affected much more quickly than others by electricity, and some require a longer time to cure the same diseases.

We ask you not to buy the cheap imitations that are being sold in this country. Our Batteries are **protected** by letters patent in other countries, and the United States Government have also granted patents for the **Wonderful Magneto-Galvanic Batteries.** Buy none unless "**Magneto-Galvanic Battery**" is stamped on one side of the heart of the Battery, and "**Patented in the U. S., Feb. 3d, 1880,**" stamped on the other side; **and see that the Battery will stand the test as given above.**

In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to say that packages containing *Magneto-Galvanic Batteries* may be sent by mail with perfect safety, and no marks of any kind will indicate what the contents are. All business can be transacted by correspondence, and we will hold contents of all letters strictly confidential.

The Batteries can be had as nearly all leading druggists in large cities, and will be supplied by our agents in small places, or we will send them, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of *One Dollar* for adult's or *Fifty Cents* for child's size. ***Mention this Paper.*** Address

A. M. RICHARDSON & CO.,
Sole Proprietors for the U.S.,
No. 104 West 42d St., New York.

Names and Addresses of a Few Persons who have been Cured or Benefited by the use of the

Wonderful Magneto-Galvanic Battery.

J. H. Johnson	Hampton, N. H.
Simon Woodrow	Fairmount City, Pa.
Reverend McCurdy	Kerr's Store, Pa.
Dr. C. W. Hong	66 West 45th Street, N. Y.
Mrs. M. Folts	New Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. Stephen Lore	North Tisbury, Mass.
Miss Flora R. Lee	West Berkshire, Vt.
A. G. Hammond	South Side, Texas.
Elias Horst	Wartsburg, Wyoming Ter.
J. P. Marshall	Carrollton, Miss.
Henry C. Meade	Washingtonville, N. Y.
J. B. Ludington	151 Pearl Street, N. Y.
P. J. Shetterly	Knoxville, Tenn.
Wm. Nourse	Moline, Ill.
Mrs. Ida Ludlow	Rahway, N. J.
J. E. Crandall	Crandall's Corner, N. Y.
Erasmus Trapp	Salem, Ind.
Henry C. Walker	Chestnut Hill, Ind.
Mrs. J. Corlveau	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Henry L. Meserve	Jackson, N. H.
Hattie L. Houghston	Otsego, N. Y.
Mrs. A. K. Cutts	Kendall's Mills, N. Y.
J. P. Laws	Avon, Me.
Mrs. E. Brinton	Gap, Pa.
Mrs. E. Van Antwerp	Newark, N. J.
J. R. Jenkins	Martinsburg, W. Va.
B. A. West	Eastpoint, Ga.
W. H. Rymer	Sandy Point, Pa.
Mrs. H. Tillson	Sunderland, Mass.
A. D. Galbreath	Ewington, Ind.
B. H. Popham	Cleveland, Tenn.
H. Moon	106 Liberty Street, Allegheny City, Pa.
Mrs. Annie Hegman	Gurnee, Ill.
Miss O. Alger	Newburg, N. Y.
Rev. Wm. K. Boyle	Alexandria, Va.
Miss L. E. Bagley	Neada, N. Y.
Sarah T. Scopo	Lawrenceburg, Ind.
E. L. Fletcher	Yankton, Da.
Miss A. Zoraga	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. Christian H. Peck	Cannelton, Ind.
W. W. Sanford	New Haven, Conn.
Jas. McDonald	God's Hill, Ontario, Can.
Mrs. Sarah Marsh	Fraxton, Ohio.
Samuel Nickerson	Chelmark, Mass.
Mrs. L. Smith	Vineyard Haven, Mass.
H. Sheldon, M.D.	Briar Hill, N. Y.
Mrs. Cornelia Squires	Blue Earth City, Minn.
Ella M. Libby	Brownfield, Me.
Chas. Nickerson	Canton, N. Y.
Wm. Geo. Turner	Americus, Miss.

We have original letters from all the persons above named, and thousands of others, in which they speak of being cured or relieved by the use of the Magneto-Galvanic Battery. If you wish, write to any one on the list, and we have no doubt you will receive an answer, especially if you enclose a stamp for reply.

☞ **N.B.** Beware of Worthless Imitations. We desire to warn the Public against spurious imitations that are being sold at various prices, under various names. If you are sick you should **Buy the Best, and the Genuine Magneto-Galvanic Battery,** is sold at a price that brings it within the reach of all. The parties who sell **Toy Batteries** have copied after our circulars and advertisements, and take all manner of means to sell a cheap and worthless article, which never has, and in the nature of things never can, generate a spark of the life-giving electric current. Use none unless "**Magneto-Galvanic Battery**" is stamped on one side of the heart in the centre of the Battery, and "**Patented in the U. S., Feb. 3d, 1880,**" on the other; also, see that it will pick up a needle or any small piece of steel or iron. All infringements will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

☞ **AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.** ☜
Send for Terms.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE is a curious contrast in dress which may be at present noticed. Many ladies, young, lively, and good-looking, have chosen to adopt a species of nun-like garb, entirely at variance with their appearance and usual occupations. These costumes are made of dark woolen materials, have short skirts, round-waisted bodices with a cord girdle, straight sleeves, and deep capes Their simplicity is of the most severe character, and forms a striking contrast to the rich costumes in which satin, brocade, plush, and velvet, vie with each other, or are combined together to make dressy out-door and visiting toilettes.

One of these beautiful dresses has the skirt of golden bronze plush, ornamented with a pleating of plush, headed by a pleating of coral and surah. The tunic is of dark brown cashmere, bordered with a band of venetian embroidery, worked with silk on grey cloth The seal-brown chapeau to accompany the dress is ornamented with long grey feathers.

A dress of navy blue satin and vigogne is exceedingly stylish, made with a very short skirt trimmed with bouillonnes, separated by narrow gauging. A scarf of vigogne forms the tunic, hidden at the back under a plain width slightly draped. The bodice is a cuirasse, perfectly plain, with the fronts open en chale, and ornamented with a satin fichu, the ends of which are hidden inside. At the back of the bodice is an added gathered panel, pleated at the waist and finished off with a bow of wide satin ribbon. Another pretty toilette is of bishop's violet faille and plush. The skirt of faille is trimmed with a very deep-pleated flounce and one wide box-pleat on each side, forming a kind of robing. The tunic is very full and long in front, and draped high towards the back with a number of close pleats; it is bordered with a shaped band of plush, wider in front than at the sides, and the simply-draped back breadth is also bordered with plush. The bodice is laced in front from the chest to the edge; from the chest to the neck is a pleated plastron of faille, with double revers at the sides. A wide treble box pleat forms the basque at the back, and a band of plush begins under this and borders the edge of the bodice. The plain sleeves have plush parements, laced across to correspond with the bodice.

A quaint and novel out-door costume for a young lady is of dark green checquered cloth with threads of old-gold color running through it. The skirt is short and pleated from the hips; and over this is a loose puffing falling over the head of the pleats in front. The tunic has a plastron buttoned on each side in front with gold buttons connected together by gold cord; the sides and back are long and drawn back to show the front of the skirt. The sleeve is the old bishop shape, gathered at the wrist into a wide velvet band with rows of gold braid on it, and gathered also at the shoulders with a loose puff, forming a kind of epaulette. The turned down collar is of green velvet, with rows of gold braid.

Black satin dresses are still worn. An elegant toilette of this material is made with a long train, the tablier being covered with lace and jetted fringe. With this skirt is worn a coat bodice of black velvet, ornamented with embroidery in jet bugles; the embroidery forms a border down the fronts and round the opening of the basques; and the pockets, cuffs, and collar are worked in the same way. A waistcoat of black satin worked with bugles shows between the opening of the basques; and the collarette, jabot, and cuffs are of fine white lace.

Satin and brocade are more used for evening toilettes than any other materials; a dinner dress, for instance, is of sky blue brocade, with a redingote of caroubier satin as long as the skirt. The waistcoat opens en chale, and closes near the waist with two buttons; below this it opens again, showing the front of the skirt, which is covered with pleatings of blue satin and white lace.

Another lovely dress is of striped caroubier satin, ornamented with a plastron of pleated blue satin covered with lace. An Odaleque scarf of bronze satin, the ends finished off with rich beaded passementerie and fringe, is loosely folded round the hips, and tied on the left side.

Among a variety of simple and stylish walking costumes lately seen, is one of rabbit-grey cashmere; the short skirt is bordered with a band pleated across, and finished off with a kind of grey silk lace. The tunic is a plain skirt, the front part buttoned over the back, down the left side, with large buttons in pointed scallops; the edge is opened and bordered with wide grey silk lace insertion over a small gore covered with lace flounces. The right side is draped high with a number of pleats caught up by a large button; two or three groups of pleats drape the back. The bodice is pointed front and back, with a waistcoat of pleated satin bordered with lace, and the collar and cuffs are of the same grey silk guipure.

Tartans and checquers, employed judiciously, make very stylish walking costumes, but these materials are difficult to arrange, and their good effect depends entirely upon the manner in which they are made up. The tartan is employed sometimes as the underskirt, and sometimes as the tunic. In one model of tartan and ivy-green cloth the short pleated skirt is of tartan; the short draped tunic of cloth, with the sides turned up at the back, and lined with tartan; the back is of cloth, in full puff, caught up with loops and ends of satin ribbon. The plain jacket bodice has a pleating of tartan let in at the back; of the two deep collars, the under one is of tartan, and the sleeves are finished off with a pleating and drapery of tartan.

In another model the pleated skirt is of plain material, bordered with a band of tartan; the tunic is of tartan, with a long point on the left side and a full drapery on the right side and at the back. Crossing the tunic in front is a scarf drapery of plain material caught up by a large buckle on the left hip. The bodice of plain material is pointed in front, and cut with long coat-tails at the back, turned back and lined with tartan. A bias band of tartan is placed near the edge of the basque, and the collar and cuffs are also of bias tartan.

In mantles we still see endless varieties, so that it is easy among so many charming models to select one which is becoming as well as fashionable. For uncertain and rainy weather there are Directoire redingotes with triple collars; these are generally made of dark chequered cloth, or of navy blue or green cloth. For walking and carriage wear, and in fine weather, there are handsome seal or light brown plush mantles, trimmed with beaver; while for ladies who cannot afford such costly materials, we see pretty mantles of Hindoo cashmere, lined with some bright color in plush or satin.

Seal skin mantles are made in more fanciful and graceful shapes than during previous seasons; for instance, the seal-skin visite, lined with old-gold-colored satin, is pointed in front, the long sleeves are also pointed, open at the edge to show a little puffing of the lining, and joined to the short back with a few pleats kept in place by passementerie ornaments, with gold and bronze beads; the long sleeves have bands of similar bead embroidery ending in bows of brown satin ribbon; a band of otter fur is placed round the neck and edge of the vetement. Fur is in great vogue; long pelisses are made of seal-skin and bordered with beaver or otter fur; these soft brown furs are great favorites, as they are found far more becoming than most other kinds.

Muffs are now some of the prettiest, and though small, important appendages of the toilette; there must be one muff at least to correspond with each dress, and the muffs are made of fur, of plush, of the same material as the corsage, and of seal-skin for skating; lovely little models are made of drawn satin, embroidered satin, and painted satin, trimmed with flounces of lace, bows of ribbon, flowers or birds. Some are pleated up like bags of bonbons, and those used with evening toilettes are rather long, pleated or gathered, and ornamented with cascades of Mechlin lace, and rosettes of the same, fastened with a bouquet of flowers.

A novel and pretty way of ornamenting a toilette with flower, is to arrange them as a jabot; for instance, with a toilette of white faille and green velvet; the corsage is trimmed with a jabot of real violets imbedded between a double coquille of lace. This pretty jabot is sure to spread.

The so called fancy jewelry now occupies an important place in the dress of the day, being worn on slippers, in cravats, on bonnet-strings, and on bonnets. At this moment animals are greatly in vogue—animals of all kinds—even the most ungraceful and repulsive. They are suspended as charms from chatelaines, watch chains, bracelets and necklaces, and are mounted as pins and brooches, and are much in fashion just now as pendants to filigree silver necklaces worn over high-necked dresses. They are also worn on the wrists, the neck, and the waist

The engagement ring is now exchanged for an engagement bracelet, which is a porte-bonheur, either of plain gold, or set with diamonds, pearls, or turquoises.

Fireside Chat.

I GIVE, by request, some directions for knitting socks for gentlemen, and a lady's stocking, which I hope will prove of general interest:

Knitted Silk Sock for Gentlemen.—Materials: One ounce of crimson, and one each of two shades of grey silk, No. 2 size, No 18 needles. With the crimson silk cast on 112 stitches on to three needles, thus: 38 on the first, and the same on the third and 40 on the second needle. 1st row. Knit 3 slip 1, repeat; repeat for 5 rows more. 6th row. Fasten on the grey silk, knit 3, purl the stitch which has been slipped during the previous 5 rows; this makes the pretty finish at the top which is so admired. 7th and following rows Knit 3, purl 1, until 50 rows altogether are knitted; the ribbing may be either all knitted of the grey silk, or, like the leg and foot of the sock, 3 rows of each color alternately. (*) 81st row. Knit all but 4 knit 2 together, knit 2, purl the last. 82nd row Knit 1, slip 1, pass the slipped stitch over, plain to end of row 83rd row. Plain, purl the last stitch 84th row. Plain. Repeat 83rd and 84th rows three times. 91st row. Repeat from (*) 81st row until the leg of sock is 10 inches long. For the heel.—Leave the last 28 stitches and the purl stitch on the last needle, and take 28 stitches from the other side of the purl stitch, so as to have 57 stitches on the needle; the purl stitch being the centre one. Put the remainder of the stitches on to two needles and leave them. Commence with the needle which has 57 stitches. 1st row. Slip 1, plain. 2nd row. Slip 1, purl. 3rd row. Slip 1, purl 2 knit all but 3, purl 2, knit the last 4 in row. Slip 1, purl Repeat 2nd and 4th rows until there are 29 purl stitches at each side; then slip 1 purl 25, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn back, leaving the unknitted stitches on the needle, slip 1, knit 6, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn slip 1, purl 7, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn, slip 1, knit 8, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, slip 1, purl 9, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn. Continue thus, adding 1 stitch every row, until 28 are purled. Next row. Slip 1, knit 24, slip 1 knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1. Take the needle, which now has 27 stitches on it, to pick up the 28 slipped stitches at the side of the heel, knitting the inner half of each stitch, knit on to the same needle 3 more stitches from those left at the commencement of the heel. With the spare needle knit the remainder of the left out stitches all but the last three. Knit these three with the empty needle, and pick up and knit the slipped stitches at the other side of heel. Knit 14 stitches from the next needle on to the one. Knit the following needle all but 4, knit 2 together, knit last 2. Knit one needle. Next needle, knit 2, slip 1, pass the slipped stitch over, plain to end. Continue thus until 3 stitches are decreased at each side of the heel. Decrease 3 times more every alternate row, then 4 stitches every 3rd row, then every 4th row, until 99 stitches are left. Knit plain until the foot measures 8 inches from back of heel. For the toe.—Knit 7, slip 1, knit 1 pass slipped stitch-over—repeat. Knit seven plain rows. 8th row. Knit 6 slip 1, knit 1 pass slipped stitch over; repeat 6 plain rows 16th row. Knit 5, slip 1 knit 1, pass slipped stitch over; repeat 5 plain rows. Continue decreasing thus, with 1 stitch less, and 1 row less between, until 16 stitches are left. Put these on 2 needles, pass the needles through to the inside of the sock. Cast off by knitting together 1 stitch from each needle, drawing the previous stitch over in the usual way.

Wool Sock.—Material: Scotch yarn, or German wool, two ounces for each sock, and four knitting needles, No 14 bell guage. Commence by casting on 29 stitches on each needle, and knit 2 plain and 2 purl alternately for 70 rounds; this forms the rise at the top. Then knit 100 rounds in plain knitting, and in the last knitted stitch purl half of it, to increase 1, for the seam at the back of the sock, which should always be purled, unless stated otherwise. Heel—Equally divide the stitches, leaving one half for the upper part of the foot (there must be an equal number of stitches on either side of the seam stitch) then work 44 rows backwards and forwards, 1 row plain and one row purl, to match the plain knitting of the rounds (the seam stitch in the purl row being knitted); then narrow, or decrease three times, to shape the heel, which is done by knitting 2 together and knitting 1 before the seam stitch, and knit 1, knit 2 together after it; then place your two needles together, and cast off, thus ending the heel and the seam stitch too. Foot—Pick up 29 stitches each side of the heel for the bottom of the foot, and then work 100 rounds plain, narrowing eight times, 4 rows between each; no narrowing is required for the upper part of the foot. For the toe.—Narrow every 4th round, the upper part of the foot included, until there are 22 stitches on the upper needle; then place the two needles together, as if for the heel, and cast off.

Lady's Knitted Stocking.—Materials: Scotch yarn, or German wool, 3 ounces for each stocking, and four steel knitting-needles, No. 14 bell guage. Commence by casting on each of three needles 37 stitches. Then knit 18 rounds of knit 2 and purl 2 alternately, to form the ribbed top. The next round plain, and in working the last stitch knit one-half and purl the other half. This pearl stitch is for the seam at the back of the stocking, and should always be purled in every round. 112 rounds of plain knitting will be required before narrowing. Narrowing, or decreasing, is formed by knitting 2 together, and knitting 1 before the purl or seam stitch, and after it, knit 1 and knit 2 together. Knit 6 plain rounds between the narrowing for three times. Then knit 4 rounds between the narrowing until you have decreased to 76 stitches. Then knit 112 rounds plain. For the heel.—Equally divide the stitches, leaving one-half for the upper part of the foot; leave an equal number of stitches on either side of the seam or purl stitch, and knit 33 rows backwards and forwards, plain and pearl alternately, to match the rounds of plain knitting (the seam stitch to be knitted in the purl row). Then narrow three times to shape the heel, and then place the two needles together, and cast off. For the foot.—Take up the stitches each side of the heel on two knitting needles. There should be 21 or 22 stitches on each needle. The upper part of the foot is already on one needle. No seam stitch will now be required. Knit 3 rounds, (*) then knit 1, knit 2 together on the 1st of your 2 needles; knit plain till you come to 3 stitches on the 2nd needle, knit 2 together, knit 1; there is no narrowing on the 3rd needle or upper part of foot; knit 4 rounds; and repeat from * 4 times; then knit plain till you come to the toe. About 60 rows will be required, or, to judge better, measure a stocking. The toe.—Have the stitches on the needles as before, only see you have the number of stitches on your 2 needles as you have on the 1. (*) knit 1, knit 2 together; knit plain till you have 3, knit 2 together, knit 1 (this is on the needle with the most stitches); on the next needle knit 1, knit 2 together, knit plain, and on the next knit plain until you have 3 stitches; then knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 rounds plain, and repeat from * star until you have decreased to 18 stitches on the upper needle, then cast off as described for the heel.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.—Interesting tests made by the Government Chemist:

Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Indian department of the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening powers, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

"The prices at which baking powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually 50 cents per pound. I have, therefore, calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded on a basis of 50 cents cost per pound."

Name of the Baking Powders.	Available gas. Cubic inches per each 50 cents Powder	Comparative worth per pound
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127 4	50 cts.
"Taposco" (alum powder)	125 2	49 "
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	124 5	48 "
" " old	32 7	13 "
"Hanford's None Such"	121 8	47¾ "
"Redhead's"	117 9	46 "
"Charm" (alum powder)	116 9	46 "
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111 9	44 "
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ oz)	116 8	44 "
"Oxo"	106 8	42 "
"Price's Cream"	102 6	40 "
"Lewis's" (condensed)	98 2	38½ "
"Andrews' Pearl"	95 2	37¾ "
"Hecker's Perfect" (powder)	93 5	36 "
Bulk Powder	80 5	30 "
Bulk aerated Powder	75 0	29 "

NOTE.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic change suffer deterioration."—New York Tribune.

Answers to Inquirers.

M. D. (Utica, N. Y.)—Consult a lawyer.

T. V. (Scranton, Pa.)—A pound Troy weighs 5,760 grains, a pound avoirdupois 7,000 grains.

T. H. O. (Richmond, Va.)—A half dime of 1850, in good condition, is worth about ten cents.

CONTINENTAL, (Cambridge, Mass.)—The Centennial International Exposition was opened May 10, and closed November 10, 1876.

IND. B. (Concord, N. H.)—Write to the superintendent of the institution, who will, no doubt furnish you with the required information.

MARTHA, (Newtown, Pa.)—A young lady can seldom perhaps never, make a favorable impression on a gentleman's heart by exhibiting an anxiety to do so. She must let him do the wooing

JENNIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Write to the gentleman, offering to release him from his engagement. If he really has ceased to care for you, it will be better for both that the engagement should be ended.

SUBSCRIBER, (Hinkley, Minn.)—Any work on geometry or trigonometry will give the rule. Where the three sides, or three angles, of a triangle are known it is a simple matter of calculation to ascertain the other qualities of the area.

READER, (Norristown, Pa.)—The reference is to a story told of Plato. Once, while in a passion, he was about to strike a servant for some misdeed, when suddenly collecting himself, he said to a friend with him: "Take you the whip and strike him. It is not fit I should do so, for I am angry."

A. H. W. (Georgetown, Md.)—It would seem the phrases "light and dark of the moon" explain themselves. The light is apparently meant when it is visible, and the dark in the interval between full and new moon. Or, possibly, the light may refer to the phases from new to full, and the dark from full to new.

NELLIE (Germantown, Pa.)—We cannot decide, but a masquerade costume much in vogue with brunettes is the pretty Spanish dress. It may be made of any bright pink or amber silk skirts with overdress of black lace; and for coiffure a Spanish veil, with high comb and pink roses. The mask should also be of black lace, and the large fan should not be forgotten.

STANDARD, (Manayunk, Pa.)—The False Decretals were a collection of forged documents given to the world in the eighth century by Isidorus, in Rome, and intended to confirm, by authority, the traditional supremacy of that city in affairs of the Church. Their authority has never been used or accepted, the forgery being of too blundering a character to obtain any [illegible]

BULWER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Any history of England will give you the particulars of the execution of Lady Jane Grey and the crime for which she suffered. In some respects particularly those of almost equal youth, talent and beauty—there is a striking similarity between her fate and that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Your purpose to inform yourself on such subjects is most commendable.

HASTE.—We think the young man does not evidently care for you or he would not have been discouraged by such a very simple matter as not a ring him in after seeing you home. You can do nothing in the matter save act as usual towards him and wait. Do not make your conduct marked in any way, should he offer his services again, accept them and rectify your past mistake. Should he not do so you had better cease thinking of him.

M. L. W. (New York, N. Y.)—A young gentleman desiring to pay his addresses to a lady, with a view to matrimony, should first consult her parents upon the subject is the advice of works upon etiquette, but it is a rule very rarely followed in modern love affairs. Nowadays, the young people usually come to an understanding themselves before the elders are consulted. You are the master of your own acts and can do what you think best.

IGNORANCE, (Newport, R. I.)—The Legion of Honor is a military order in France, embracing all distinctions in the army, and including in its incorporation civil officers and all such individuals as have eminently distinguished themselves by services to the State military deeds, and for public virtue; instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte when first consul, May 19, 1802. On the restoration of the Bourbon family, Louis XVIII confirmed the order, April, 1814, and it has since prevailed

J. B. W. (Duxbury, Mass.)—You can procure bronzing powders for the purpose at almost any drug or color-store. It is much cheaper and convenient to purchase than to make them yourself. Clean the figure well and apply the powder mixed with gum-water. When nearly dry, rub with soft leather until the desired hue is obtained. Bronze powders are alloys of the metals, copper, and zinc in various proportions according to the color required, ground to an impalpable powder.

JOHN (Augusta, Me.)—You say that the lady says she likes a certain young man in your neighborhood better than she does you and you further state that for the last four years she has on all occasions left you to go and converse with him, and has told you that if you did not like such treatment you could do the other thing. It is useless to advise a man who can submit to such indignities for four years. In all such matters a real manly man is equal to the occasion. As the old adage says, "An empty meal-bag can't stand upright."

H. W. B. (Chester, Pa.)—Coal mines were first discovered in the neighborhood of Newcastle, England, about the year 1300 and first used as fuel in London in the reign of Edward I. in the middle part of the thirteenth century, but the gas was thought to be so corrupting to the atmosphere that the use of them was forbidden by proclamation in 1273 and they were not used for several years afterwards. They were first discovered here about 1820. English coal is bituminous, or what is called blacksmith's coal. American coal is mostly anthracite, that is it burns without a flame

W. W. M. (Atlantic City, N. J.)—Snow is frozen vapor. Rain falls in drops because the vapory particles attract each other in their descent, and those which are sufficiently near unite and form into drops. These drops are sometimes larger than at other times, because the rain cloud is floating nearer the earth; when this is the case the drops are large, because such a cloud is more dense than one more elevated. The size of the drop is also increased according to the rapidity with which the vapors are condensed. Wind may sometimes increase the size of the drops by blowing two into one

H. B. (Chicago, Ill.)—When a young man pays a lady such marked attentions as always to make it a point to go anywhere she may go in order to bring her back, and when at a party always to choose her as his partner, to join in the same game, to kiss her on the lips instead of kissing her on the cheek as he does the other young ladies,—we say, when a young gentleman does all this, there is something seriously the matter with him; there is a tender spot somewhere about him—a spot which, possibly, H. B. may have been the first to discover. Continue to be courteous, polite, tender, kind, insinuating and engaging to the young man, and you have nothing to fear from a rival.

KNOWHARDS, (Ithica, N. Y.)—Paper is manufactured of a vegetable matter reduced to a pulp by means of water and grinding. For the chief purposes to which it is applied in modern times, the ancients had recourse to a variety of materials, such as stone, tablets of wood, plates of lead, skins, parchment, linen, and, above all, the papyrus. Of all these articles papyrus was found the most useful for ordinary purposes as a substitute for paper. The art of making paper of cotton, cloth, or rags is supposed to have been borrowed from the Chinese or Persians and introduced into Europe in the eleventh century by the Saracens; the practice of making linen into paper commenced in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and in France and England early in the fourteenth century

CAMILLIA, (Trenton, N. J.)—If the young man can give good reasons for not wishing you to go to various places, that is enough. But, with you, we think he is of a never-exacting, jealous disposition. As to his youthful appearance that is nothing, and you should pay no attention to what is said about him. If you are engaged, or have been well acquainted with his people, there is no harm in visiting his home. It might be well if you studied his disposition better. So much jealousy does not argue well for future happiness. When he attempts, hereafter, to stop your going anywhere, ask his reasons for so doing; if they are sufficient, respect them, but if they are not, assert your right. It might have the effect of curing him, and at the worst, should such a thing separate you, you can well afford to lose one who would become offended about such a matter.